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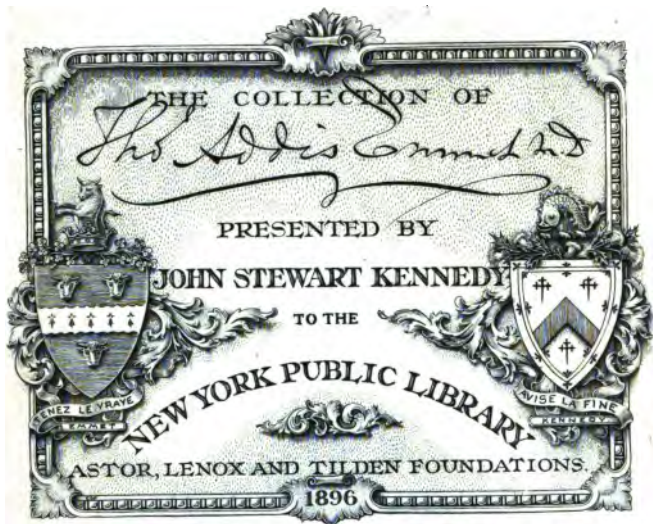
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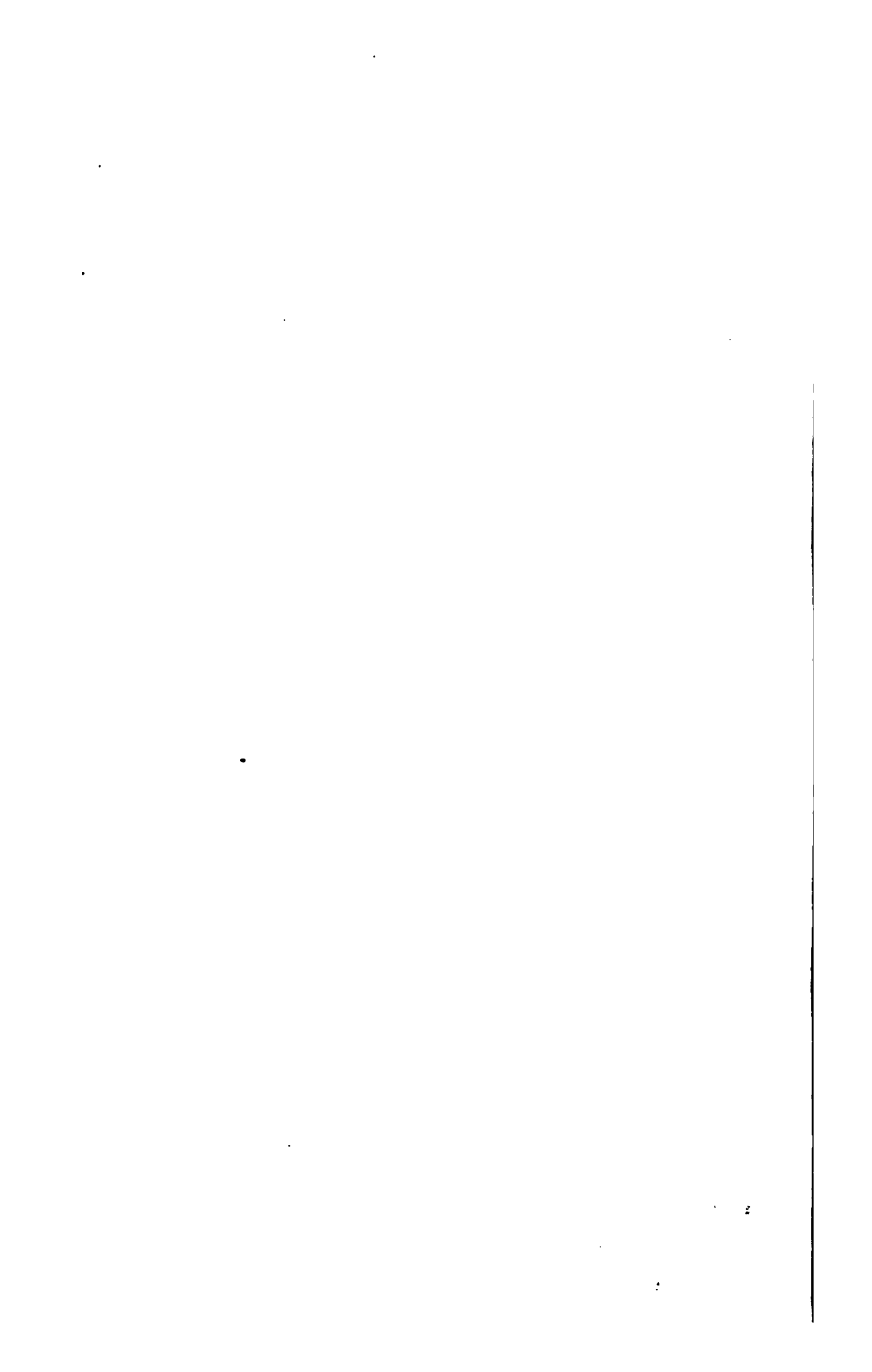
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B. F. Carroll
1855

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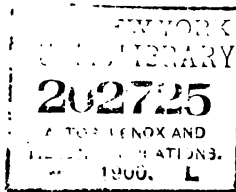
HIRELING AND THE SLAVE.

AFTER all, Slavery in their case (the Jamaica slaves) is but another name for servitude. M. G. LEWIS.

IRISH whites have been long emancipated, and nobody asks them to work, or permits them to work, on condition of finding them potatoes. CARLYLE.

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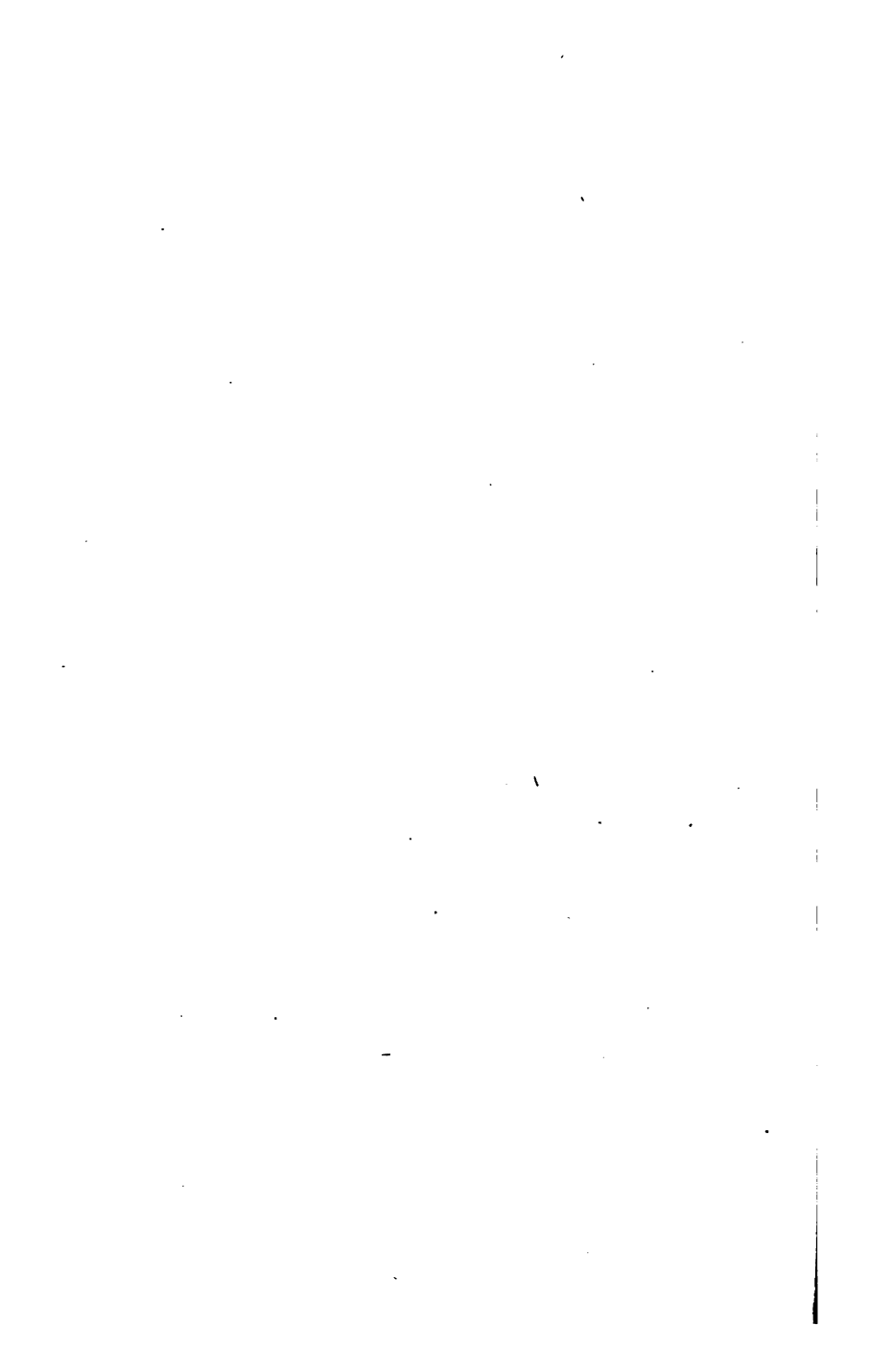
TO

JAMES L. PETIGRU, LL.D.

I ASK permission to inscribe the following verses to you.

If not a fit offering to your taste and judgement, they at least give me an opportunity for saying how much I admire the wit, intellect and learning, which you have devoted with so much success to every noble purpose; which have never failed friend or stranger in distress, nor shrunk from a toil or sacrifice required by Justice, Humanity, or Generosity.

The most exalted station in society is that of the Advocate who employs distinguished legal attainments and abilities to defend the unfortunate, vindicate truth and right, and maintain law, order and established government—and this station is universally admitted to be yours.



P R E F A C E .

THE malignant abuse lavished on the Slaveholders of America, by writers in this country and England, can be accounted for, but in one way, consistently with any degree of charitable consideration for the slanderers. They have no knowledge of the thing abused. They substitute an ideal of their own contriving for the reality. They regard Slavery as a system of chains, whips and tortures. They consider its abuses as its necessary condition, and a cruel master its fair representative. Mr. Clarkson took up the subject, originally, as a fit one for a college exercise in rhetoric, and it became a rhetorical exercise for life to himself and his followers. With these people the cruelty of Slavery is an affair of tropes and figures only. They have shown as little regard for truth, fairness and common sense, as they would

do to gather all the atrocities of their own country committed by husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, priest and people, and denounce these several relations in life in consequence of their abuses.

The labourer suffers wrong, abuse and cruelty in England, but, they say, it is against the law, against public opinion; he may apply to the Courts for redress; these are open to him. Cruelty to the Slave is equally against the law. It is equally condemned by public opinion; and as to the Courts of Law being open to the pauper hireling, we may remember the reply of Sheridan to a similar remark,—yes, and so are the London Hotels—justice and a good dinner, with Champagne, are equally within his reach. If, in consequence of the evils incident to hireling labour—because there are severe, heartless, grinding employers and miserable starving hirelings, it were proposed to abolish hireling labour, it would be quite as just and logical as the argument to abolish Slavery because there are sufferings among Slaves, and hard hearts among Masters. The cruelty or suffering is no more a necessary part of the one system than of the other. Notwithstanding its abuses and miseries, the Hireling System works beneficially with white labourers; and so also, not-

withstanding hard masters, Slavery, among a Christian people, is advantageous to the negro. To attempt to establish the hireling system with Africans, would be as wise as to endeavour to bestow the constitutional government of England on Ashantee or Dahomey. In both cases there would be an equal amount of abstract truth and practical absurdity.

Slavery is that system of labour which exchanges subsistence for work, which secures a life-maintenance from the master to the slave, and gives a life-labour from the slave to the master. The slave is an apprentice for life, and owes his labour to his master; the master owes support, during life, to the slave. Slavery is the negro system of labour. He is lazy and improvident. Slavery makes all work, and it ensures homes, food and clothing for all. It permits no idleness, and it provides for sickness, infancy and old age. It allows no tramping or skulking, and it knows no pauperism.

This is the whole system substantially. All cruelty is an abuse; does not belong to the institution; is now punished and may be in time prevented. The abuses of Slavery are as open to all reforming influences as those of any other

civil, social, or political condition. The improvement in the treatment of the slave is as marked as in that of any other labouring class in the world. If it be true of the English soldier or sailor, that his condition has been ameliorated in the last fifty years, it is quite as true of the negro.

If Slavery is subject to abuses, it has its advantages also. It establishes more permanent, and, therefore, kinder relations between capital and labour. It removes what Stuart Mill calls "the widening and embittering feud between the class of labour and the class of capital." It draws the relation closer between master and servant. It is not an engagement for days or weeks, but for life. There is no such thing, with Slavery, as a labourer for whom nobody cares or provides. The most wretched feature, in hireling labour, is the isolated miserable creature who has no home, no work, no food, and in whom no one is particularly interested. *This is seen among hirelings only.*

I do not say that Slavery is the best system of labour, but only that it is the best, for the negro, in this country. In a nation composed of the same race or similar races, where the labourer is intelligent, industrious and provident, money wages may be better than subsistence. Even under all ad-

vantages, there are great defects in the hireling labour system, for which, hitherto, no Statesman has discovered an adequate remedy. In hireling States there are thousands of idlers, trampers, poachers, smugglers, drunkards and thieves, who make theft a profession. There are thousands who suffer for want of food and clothing, from inability to obtain them. For these two classes—those who will not work, and those who cannot—there is no sufficient provision. Among slaves there are no trampers, idlers, smugglers, poachers, and none suffer from want. Every one is made to work, and no one is permitted to starve. Slavery does for the negro what European schemers in vain attempt to do for the hireling. It secures work and subsistence for all. It secures more order and subordination also.* The master is a Commissioner of the Poor, on every plantation, to provide food, clothing, medicine, houses, for his people. He is a police officer to prevent idleness, drunkenness, theft, or disorder. I do not mean by formal appointment of law, but by virtue of his relation to his slaves. There is, therefore, no

*One of the best arrangements for the relief of the hireling labourer, is the provision made in France, of houses where the children of labourers are taken in when the labourers go to work in the morning, are carefully attended during the day, and restored to the parents on their return at night—a similar provision for the care of children is found on every plantation.

starvation among slaves. There are, comparatively, few crimes. If there are paupers in slave States, they are the hirelings of other countries, who have run away from their homes. Pauperism began, with them, when serfage was abolished.

But you must confess, it is said, that Slavery is an evil. True enough! in the same sense in which the hireling's hard labour is an evil. But the Poet tells us that there are worse things, in the world, than hard labour, "withouten that would come a heavier bale;" and, so there are worse things, for the negro, than Slavery in a Christian land. Archbishop Hughes, in his late visit to Cuba, asked the Africans if they wished to return to their native country; the answer was always, *no*. If the African is happier here, than in his own country, can we say that, for him the establishment of Slavery is an evil? If the master is contented with his part in the system, with what reason can we regard it as an evil, so far as he is concerned? Slaves and Masters are equally satisfied. The discontented are those who are neither.

What more can be required of Slavery, in reference to the negro, than has been done? It has made him, from a savage, an orderly and efficient labourer. It supports him

in comfort and peace. It restrains his vices. It improves his mind, morals and manners. It instructs him in Christian knowledge.

But the quarrel is with the master, and the design is to calumniate and injure him. And why this attack on the master? Who, among its pretended friends, will dare to say that they have done for the African race what the slaveholders of North America have done, and are doing? What abolitionist has bestowed on the negro the same enduring patience, the same useful education, the same care and attendance? Who, among them, has done, or given, or sacrificed as much? Under the master's care, the miserable black savage has been fed, clothed, instructed in useful arts, and made an important contributor to the business and enjoyments of the world. What have the abolitionists done, what have they given, for the negro race? They use the slave for the purposes of self-glorification only, indifferent about his present or future condition. They are ambitious to bring about a great social revolution—what its effects may be they do not care to inquire.

All Christians believe that the affairs of the world are directed by Providence for wise and good purposes. The

coming of the negro to North America makes no exception to the rule. His transportation was a rude mode of emigration; the only practicable one in his case; not attended with more wretchedness than the emigrant ship often exhibits even now, notwithstanding the passenger law. What the purpose of his coming is, we may not presume to judge. But we can see much good already resulting from it—good to the negro, in his improved condition; to the country whose rich fields he has cleared of the forest and made productive in climates unfit for the labour of the white man; to the Continent of Africa in furnishing, as it may ultimately, the only means for civilizing its people.

The end of Slavery then would seem to be, present good to the slave himself, to the country in which he labours and the world at large, and future good to his race. Whether Mr. Clarkson or Lord Carlisle approve or disapprove of the mode in which it has pleased divine Providence to bring all this about, the event will probably be the same. It may be doubted whether these gentlemen and their friends could have administered the affairs of the world more wisely, whatever our opinion may be of their wisdom or benevolence. As they will never have the power to try, this must remain

among the other unsettled questions that perplex the ingenuity of mankind.

There is, however, a plain, practicable mode in which these anti-slavery zealots may confer freedom on thousands, year after year, without offence to any party. The plan is simple and easy. Let them show their sympathy for the negro, not by eloquent speeches, but more eloquent acts; not with sentiment, but with sovereigns. They can buy any number of negroes and carry them where they please. For such a purpose their government would not object. Efficient labourers are wanted in the West Indies. Here is a ready way to procure them. They may, in this manner, bestow freedom on many of the slaves of America, confer a benefit on their Colonies, and gratify their own excited sensibilities with something more than unprofitable words. They feel profoundly for the negro, let them feel to the amount of a million a year. This would be better than bringing Coolies from Asia, and negroes from Africa, by a system of very doubtful character. It would convince the world that their sympathy is an honest one, and not the offspring of vanity or arrogance.

An ingenious lady of South Carolina, in a very admirable

letter, has made a similar proposal to the Duchess of Sutherland. But her Grace is a near relation of the Priest, in the fable, who refused a half crown to a suppliant, but was ready enough to give him a blessing. The abolitionists all belong to this benevolent class of world-menders who are willing, at all times, to help every body, if it cost them no more than pretty phrases.

In the remarks made in reference to the condition of the hireling in Europe—of England especially—I have no feeling but compassion for the unfortunate paupers, and intend no reproach to their country. I venerate England as the great mother of nations, as our teacher in law, literature, civil and political liberty. The facts relating to the poverty, vice, brutality, and ignorance of the British labourer are taken, as may be seen in the notes attached, from English authorities—they can be multiplied a hundred fold. In adverting to them, I have merely desired to show that there is a poor and suffering class in all countries—the richest and most civilized not excepted—labourers who get their daily bread by daily work, and that the slave is as well provided for as any other. The poor, we shall have with us always, and whether the poor hireling or the poor slave is most the

object of pity, or subject of distress, is the only question proposed, and the true one at issue.

In comparing their several conditions no contempt is implied, certainly none intended; for the situation of the hireling poor. All honest labour is worthy of honour—that of the faithful slave not less so than any other. Moralists are accustomed to weigh the advantages and evils of the highest and lowest, the palace and cottage—what forbids us to do so with the good and ill of the two humblest stations of civilized life.

It may be thought unnecessary to invite public attention again to the subject of Slavery. But if the subject be trite, it is also of incalculable and unceasing interest. I have endeavoured to diversify the mode, if not the matter, of the argument, by throwing the remarks offered into verse. I have done so, not only for the reason assigned, but with the additional purpose of offering some variety to the poetic forms that are almost universally prevalent. The Poetry of the day is, for the most part, subtle and transcendental in its character. Every sentiment, reflection, or description is wrought into elaborate modes of expression, from remote and fanciful analogies. The responses of the Muses have

become as mystical, and sometimes as obscure, as those of more ancient oracles, and disdain the older and homelier forms of English verse.

It has occurred to me that a return to the more sober style of an earlier period may not be an unreasonable experiment on the public taste. The fashion in dress and furniture, now and then, goes back a century or two, why not the fashion in verse? The school of Dryden and Pope is not entirely forgotten. May we not imitate the poetry of Queen Anne's time as well as the tables and chairs? The common measure of that period, applied to a didactic subject, may diversify the dishes presented to the public and provide for its appetite the same kind of relief that bread and butter or beef and pudding would offer after a long indulgence in more refined and elaborate dishes. The most fastidious appetite may tolerate an occasional change of diet, and exchange dainties for plainer fare.



PART I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE state of the Hireling and the Slave the same substantially—the condition hard labour, the reward subsistence; the Hireling does not always obtain the reward—his miseries, starvation, vices, brutality, subjection to military service, expulsion from his country; the transportation of the Negro from Africa to America a blessing to him—instructs him in mechanic arts, in agriculture; the various products of his industry, numerous and useful to the whole world; his improvement not possible in his own country; therefore brought by Providence to this; Abolitionists denouncers of Providence; their object selfish; the Negro improved by the Master's care only, the Abolitionists do nothing for him; the superiority of the Slave over the rest of his race; his security from want; his education, not more defective than that of Hirelings in Europe; his punishments less severe for similar offences; Master's police more efficient in preserving order and preventing vice.

THE HIRELING AND THE SLAVE.

PART FIRST.

Oh, mortal man, that livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate,
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moll,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great.

* * * * *

Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

How small the choice, from cradle to the grave,
Between the lot of Hireling and of Slave !
To each alike applies the stern decree,
That man shall labour ; whether bond or free,
For all that toil, the recompense we claim—
Food, fire, a home and clothing—is the same.¹

The manumitted serfs of Europe find
Unchanged this sad estate of all mankind ;
What blessing to the churl has freedom proved,
What want supplied, what task or toil removed ?
Hard work and scanty wages still their lot,
In youth o'erlaboured, and in age forgot,
The mocking boon of freedom they deplore,
In wants, cares, labours never known before.*

Free but in name—the slaves of endless toil,
In Britain still they turn the stubborn soil,
Spread on each sea her sails for every mart,
Ply in her cities every useful art ;
But vainly may the Peasant toil and groan,
To speed the plough in furrows not his own ;
In vain the art is plied, the sail is spread,
The day's work offered for the daily bread ;²
With hopeless eye, the pauper Hireling sees
The homeward sail swell proudly to the breeze,
Rich fabrics, wrought by his unequalled hand,
Borne by each breeze to every distant land ;
For him, no boon successful commerce yields,
For him no harvest crowns the joyous fields,

*Pauperism began with the abolition of serfage.—*Westminster Review*.

The streams of wealth that foster pomp and pride,
No food nor shelter for his wants provide,
He fails to win, by toil intensely hard,
The bare subsistence—labour's least reward.³

In squalid hut—a kennel for the poor,
Or noisome cellar, stretched upon the floor,
His clothing rags, of filthy straw his bed,
With offal from the gutter daily fed,⁴
Thrust out from Nature's board, the Hireling lies—
No place for him that common board supplies,
No neighbour helps, no charity attends,
No philanthropic sympathy befriends;
None heed the needy wretch's dying groan,
He starves unsuccor'd, perishes unknown.

These are the miseries, such the wants, the cares,
The bliss that freedom for the serf prepares;
Vain is his skill in each familiar task,
Capricious Fashion shifts her Protean mask,
His ancient craft gives work and bread no more,⁵
And want and death sit scowling at his door.

Close by the hovel, with benignant air,
To lordly halls illustrious crowds repair*—

*Exeter Hall, the show place of English philanthropy.

The Levite tribes of Christian love that show
No care nor pity for a neighbour's woe ;
Who meet, each distant evil to deplore,
But not to clothe or feed their country's poor ;
They waste no thought on common wants or pains,
On misery hid in filthy courts and lanes,
On alms that ask no witnesses but Heaven,
By pious hands to secret suffering given ;
Their's the bright sunshine of the public eye,
The pomp and circumstance of charity,
The crowded meeting, the repeated cheer,
The sweet applause of prelate, prince or peer,
The long report of pious trophies won
Beyond the rising or the setting sun,
The mutual smile, the self-complacent air,
The laboured speech and Pharisaic prayer,
Thanksgivings for their purer hearts and hands,
Scorn for the publicans of other lands,
And soft addresses—Sutherland's delight,
That gentle dames at pious parties write—
These are the cheats that vanity prepares,
The soft deceits of her seductive fairs,
When Exeter expands her portals wide,
And England's saintly coteries decide

The proper nostrum for each evil known
In every land on earth, except their own,
But never heed the sufferings, wants, or sins,
At home, where all true charity begins.

There, unconcerned, the philanthropic eye
Beholds each phase of human misery ;
Sees the worn child compelled in mines to slave
Through narrow seams of coal, a living grave,
Driven from the breezy hill, the sunny glade,
By ruthless hearts, the drudge of labour made,
Unknown the boyish sport, the hours of play,
Stript of the common boon, the light of day,
Harnessed like brutes, like brutes to tug and strain
And drag, on hands and knees, the loaded wain :
There crammed in huts, in reeking masses thrown,
All moral sense and decency unknown,⁶
With no restraint, but what the felon knows,
With the sole joy, that beer or gin bestows,
To gross excess and brutalizing strife,
The drunken Hireling dedicates his life :⁷
There women prostitute themselves for bread,
There tearless mothers view their infant dead,⁸
Childhood bestows no childish sports or toys,
Age, neither reverence nor repose enjoys,

Labour, with hunger, wages ceaseless strife,
And want and suffering only end with life;
In crowded huts, contagious ills prevail,
Dull typhus lurks and deadlier plagues assail,⁹
Gaunt famine prowls around his pauper prey,
And daily sweeps his ghastly hosts away;
Unburied corpses taint the summer air,
And crime and outrage revel with despair.¹⁰

Dragged from the cottage, conscript peasants go,
To distant wars, against an unknown foe,
On fields of carnage, at ambition's call,
Perish—the warrior's tool, the monarch's thrall;
Wasted by plagues, unhonoured their remains,
They fill a ditch on Danube's marshy plains,
In the night trench of mingled mire and blood,
Swept by cold winds and rains, a ceaseless flood,
Half fed, half clad, the tentless earth their bed,
Reeking with gore in mutual slaughter shed,
Scourged by disease, at every dreary post,
They fall in myriads on Crimea's coast,
Or whelmed in snows on dread Niemen's shore,
Sleep the long treacherous sleep that wakes no more,
Worn by the toilsome march, the sleety sky,
Crouching in groups, the sinking squadrons lie,

No longer fly the fierce barbarian bands,
But, wrapt in visions of far distant lands,
In their last wild delirious fancies see
The sunny hills—the haunts of infancy,
Green summer meadôws, warm unclouded skies,
Welcomes of homely joy and glad surprise,
'Till the stern frost king stops the crimson stream
Of life, and breaks the dying soldier's dream,
Home, friends recede before his icy sway,
The dream of bliss and dreamer fade away,
With frozen hosts, the snowy waste is spread,
And howling wolves feast on the unburied dead.

Far from their humble homes and native land
Forced by a landlord's pitiless command,¹¹
In uncongenial climes, condemned to roam,
That sheep may batten in the peasant's home—
The pauper exiles, from the hill that yields
One parting look on their abandoned fields,
Behold with tears, no manhood can restrain,
Their ancient hamlet level'd with the plain:
Then go in crowded ships, new deaths to find,
More hideous still than those they left behind;
Grim Chol'ra thins their ranks, ship fevers sweep
Their livid tythes of victims to the deep;

The sad survivors, on a foreign shore,
The double loss of homes and friends deplore,
And beg a stranger's bounty to supply
The food and shelter that their homes deny.

Yet homebred misery, such as this, imparts
Nor grief, nor care, to philanthropic hearts ;¹²
The tear of sympathy forever flows,
Though not for Saxon or for Celtic woes ;
Vainly the starving White, at every door,
Craves help or pity for the Hireling poor,
But that the distant Black may softer fare,
Eat, sleep and play, exempt from toil and care,
All England's meek philanthropists unite,
With frantic eagerness, harangue and write,
By purchased tools, diffuse distrust and hate,
Sow factious strife, in each dependent State,
Cheat with delusive lies the public mind,
Invent the cruelties, they fail to find,¹³
Slander, in pious garb, with prayer and hymn,
And blast a people's fortune for a whim.

 Cursed by these factious arts, that take the guise
Of charity, to cheat the good and wise,
The bright Antilles, with each closing year,
See harvests fail, and fortunes disappear ;

The cane no more its golden treasure yields ;
Unsightly weeds deform the fertile fields ;
The negro freeman—thrifty while a slave,
Freed from restraint, becomes a drone or knave,
Each effort to improve his nature foils,
Begs, steals, or sleeps and starves, but never toils,
For savage sloth, mistakes the freedom won,
And ends, the mere barbarian he begun.¹⁴

Then, with a face of self-complacent smiles,
Pleased with the ruin of these hapless Isles,
And charmed with this cheap way of gaining heaven
By alms at cost of other countries given—
Like Nathan's host, who hospitably gave
His guest a neighbour's lamb, his own to save,
Clarkson's meek school beholds with eager eyes,
In other climes, new fields of glory rise,
And heedless still of home, its care bestows,
In other lands, on other negro woes.

Hesperian lands, beyond the Atlantic wave,
Home of the poor, and refuge of the brave,
Who, vainly striving with oppression, fly
To find new homes, beneath a happier sky ;
Hither—to quiet vale, or mountain side,
Where peace and nature undisturbed abide,

In humble scenes, unwonted lore to learn,
Patriot and Prince, their banished footsteps turn ;
The exiled Bourbon finds a place of rest,
And Kossuth comes, a Nation's thankless guest ;
Here, driven by bigots to their last retreat,
All forms of faith, a safe asylum meet,
Each as it wills, untouched by former fears,
Its prayer repeats, its cherished altar rears.
Scorned by all tongues, assailed by every hand,
Alien and outcast from his promised land,
From Carmel's heights and Sion's holier hill,
By God's decree, a ceaseless wanderer still,
The Hebrew finds, his long oppression past,
A grateful home of equal laws at last ;
The Jesuit's zeal, in this secure abode,
No hostile edict fears, nor penal code,
And Luther's followers, in their Western home,
Like Bachman, scorn the bulls and fires of Rome.

To exile flying from a perjured State,
From royal bigotry and Papal hate,
The Huguenot, among his ancient foes,
Found shelter here and undisturbed repose ;
Sad the long look the parting exile gave
To France receding on the rising wave !

Her daisied meads shall smile for him no more,
Her orchards furnish no autumnal store,
With memory's eye alone, the wanderer sees,
The vine clad hills, the old familiar trees,
The castled steep, the noonday village shade,
The trim quaint garden where his childhood played ;
No more he joins the labour of the fields,
Or shares the joy, the merry vintage yields ;
Gone are the valley homes, by sparkling streams
That long shall murmur in the exile's dreams,
And temples, where his sires were wont to pray,
With stern Farel and chivalrous Mornay—
Scenes with long treasured memories richly fraught,
Where Sully counselled, where Coligni fought,
And Henri's meteor plume in battle shone—
A beacon light to victory and a throne.

These all are lost ; but, smiling in the West,
Hope, still alluring, calms the anxious breast ;
And dimly rising through the landward haze,
New forms of beauty court his wistful gaze—
The level line of strand that brightly shines
Between the rippling waves and dusky pines,
A shelving beach that sandy hillocks bound,
With clumps of palm and fragrant myrtle crowned ;

Low shores with margins broad of marshy green,
Bright winding streams, the grassy wastes between;
Wood crested islands, that o'erlook the main,
Like dark hills rising on a verdant plain;
Trees, of new beauty, climbing to the skies,
With various verdure, meet his wondering eyes—
Gigantic oaks, the monarchs of the wood,
Whose stooping branches sweep the rising flood,
And, robed in solemn draperies of moss,
To stormy winds, their proud defiance toss;
Magnolias bright with glossy leaves and flowers,
Fragrant as Eden in its happiest hours;
The gloomy cypress towering to the skies,
The maple, loveliest in autumnal dyes,
The palm armorial, with its tufted head,
Vines over all, in wild luxuriance spread,
And columned pines, a mystic wood, he sees,
That sigh and whisper to the passing breeze;
Here, with determined will and patient toil,
From wood and swamp he wins the fertile soil;
To every hardship, stern endurance brings,
And builds a fortune, undisturbed by kings,
Fair fields of wealth and ease his children find,
Nor heed the homes their fathers left behind.

Companions of his toil, the axe to wield,
To guide the plough, and reap the teeming field,
A sable multitude unceasing pour
From Niger's banks and Congo's deadly shore ;
No willing travellers they, that widely roam,
Allured by hope, to seek a happier home,
But victims to the trader's thirst for gold,
Kidnap'd by brothers, and by fathers sold,
The bondsman born, by native masters reared,
The captive band, in recent battle spared ;
For English merchants bought ; across the main,
In British ships, they go for Britain's gain ;
Forced on her subjects in dependent lands,
By cruel hearts and avaricious hands,
New tasks they learn, new masters they obey,
And bow submissive to the Whiteman's sway.

But Providence, by his o'erruling will,
Transmutes to lasting good the transient ill,
Makes crime itself the means of mercy prove,
And avarice minister to works of love.
In this new home, whate'er the negro's fate—
More blest his life than in his native state !
No mummeries dupe, no Fetish charms affright,
Nor rites obscene diffuse their moral blight ;

Idolatries, more hateful than the grave
With human sacrifice, no more enslave ;
No savage rule, its hecatomb supplies,
Of slaves for slaughter, when a master dies :¹⁵
In sloth and error sunk for countless years,
His race has lived, but light at last appears—
Celestial light—religion undefiled
Dawns in the heart of Congo's simple child ;
Her glorious truths he hears with glad surprise,
And lifts his eye with rapture to the skies :
The noblest thoughts that erring mortals know,
Waked by her influence, in his bosom glow ;
His nature owns the renovating sway,
And all the old barbarian melts away.

And now, with sturdy hand and cheerful heart,
He learns to master every useful art,
To forge the axe, to mould the rugged share,
The ship's brave keel for angry waves prepare :
The rising wall obeys his plastic will,
And the loom's fabric owns his ready skill.

Where once the Indian's keen unerring aim,
With shafts of reed, transfixed the forest game ;
Where painted warriors late in ambush stood,
And midnight war-whoops shook the trembling wood,

The negro wins, with well directed toil,
Its various treasures from the virgin soil ;
Swept by his axe, the forests pass away,
The dense swamp opens to the light of day ;
The deep morass of reeds and fetid mud,
Now dry, now covered by the rising flood,
In squares arranged, by lines of bank and drain,
Smiles with rich harvests of the golden grain
That, wrought from ooze by nature's curious art
To pearly whiteness, cheers the negro's heart,
Smokes on the master's board, in goodly show,
A mimic pyramid of seeming snow.
And, borne by commerce to each distant shore,
Supplies the world with one enjoyment more.

On upland slopes, with jungle lately spread,
The lordly maize uplifts its tasseled head,
Broad graceful leaves of waving green appear,
And shining threads adorn the swelling ear—
The matchless ear, whose milky stores impart
A feast that mocks the daintiest powers of art,
To every taste, whose riper bounty yields,
A grateful feast amid a thousand fields,
And sent, on mercy's errand, from the slave
To starving hirelings, rescues from the grave.

In broader limits, by the loftier maize,
The silk-like cotton all its wealth displays ;
Through forked leaves, in endless rows, unfold
Gay blossoms tinged with purple dyes and gold ;
To suns autumnal, bursting pods disclose
Their fleeces spotless as descending snows ;
These, a rich freight, a thousand ships receive,
A thousand looms, with fairy fingers, weave ;
And hireling multitudes, in other lands,¹⁶
Are blest with raiment from the negro's hands.

Nor these alone they give ; their useful toil
Lures the rich cane to its adopted soil—
The luscious cane whose genial sweets diffuse
More social joys than Hybla's honied dews ;
Without whose help, no civic feast is made,
No bridal cake delights—without whose aid,
China's enchanting cup itself appears
To lose its virtue, and no longer cheers ;
Arabia's fragrant berry idly wastes
Its pure aroma, on untutored tastes :
Limes of delicious scent and golden rind, '
Their pungent treasures unregarded find ;
Ices refresh the languid belle no more,
And their lost comfits, infant worlds deplore.

The weed's soft influence too, his hands prepare,
That soothes the beggar's grief, the monarch's care,
Cheers the lone scholar at his midnight work,
Subdues alike the Russian and the Turk,
The saint beguiles, the heart of toil revives,
Ennui itself of half its gloom deprives ;
In fragrant clouds, involves the learned and great,
In golden boxes, helps the toils of State,
And, with strange magic and mysterious charm,
Hunger can stay, and bores and duns disarm.

These precious products, in successive years,
Trained by a master's skill, the negro rears ;
New life he gives to Europe's busy marts,
To all the world, new comforts and new arts ;
Loom, spinner, merchant, from his hands derive
Their wealth, and myriads by his labour thrive ;
While slothful millions, hopeless of relief,
The slaves of pagan priest, and brutal chief,
Harassed by wars, upon their native shore,
Still lead the savage life they led before.

Instructed thus, and in the only school
Barbarians ever know—a master's rule,
The negro learns each civilizing art
That softens and subdues the savage heart,

Assumes the tone of those with whom he lives,¹⁷
Acquires the habit that refinement gives,
And slowly learns, but surely, while a slave,
The lessons that his country never gave.

There tropic suns with fires unceasing pour
A baleful radiance on the deadly shore ;
Foul vapours guard it ; a remorseless host
Of frenzied fevers sentinel the coast,
Brood on the stream, the forest depths invade,
Lurk with alluring slumber in the shade,
Pursue the stranger that attempts to brave
Their fatal power, and hurl him to the grave.

Science in vain her healing hand applies,
From the dread coast, refining Commerce flies,
The savage gloom, no foreign lights remove
Of arts or arms that conquer to improve ;
Nor yet beneath these unpropitious skies,
Of native growth, can art or science rise ;
While States and Empires—an august array,
In ruin glorious, flourish and decay,
No sable muses here, with voice divine,
Speak the charmed words that soften and refine,
No black Prometheus with heroic heart,
Wins and bestows the shining gifts of art,

Bondsman of Fetish violence and lust,
A slave of slaves, the negro licks the dust,
Unchanged since Heaven's creative word outspread
The seas, and heaved the mountains from their bed.

Hence is the negro brought by God's command,
For wiser teaching, to a foreign land ;
If they who brought him, were by Mammon driven,
Still have they served, blind instruments of Heaven ;
And though the way be rough, the agent stern,
No better mode, can human wits discern,
No happier system, wealth or virtue find,¹⁸
To tame and elevate the negro mind :
Thus mortal purposes—whate'er their mood,
Are only means with Heaven for working good ;
And wisest they who labour to fulfil,
With zeal and hope, the all-directing will,
And in each change that marks the fleeting year,
Submissive see God's guiding hand appear.

Such was the lesson that the Patriarch taught,
By brothers sold, a slave to Egypt brought,
When throned in state, Vicegerent of the land,
He saw around his guilty brethren stand,
On each pale quivering lip, remorse confest,
And fear and shame in each repentant breast ;

No flashing eye rebuked, no scathing word
Of stern reproof, the trembling brothers heard ;
Love only glistened in the Prophet's eyes,
And cheering told the purpose of the skies ;
Grieve not your hearts, he said, dismiss your fear,
It was not you, but Heaven that sent me here ;
His chosen instrument, I come to save
Pharaoh's proud hosts and people from the grave,
From Egypt's ample granaries to give
Their hoarded stores, and bid the dying live :
To Israel's race, deliverance to impart,
And soothe the sorrows of the old man's heart :*
This Heaven's high end ; to further the design,
As he commands, your humble task and mine.

So here, though hid the end from mortal view,
Heaven's gracious purpose brings the negro too ;
He comes by God's decree, not chance nor fate,
Not force, nor fraud, nor grasping scheme of State,
As Joseph came to Pharaoh's storied land,
Not by a brother's wrath, but Heaven's command ;
What, though humaner Carlisle disapprove,
Profounder Brougham,† his vote of censure move,

* " That Old Man, of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?"

† " Pronounced Broom from Trent to Tay."

BYRON.

And Clarkson's friends, with modest ardour show
How much more wisely they could rule below,
Prove, with meek arrogance and humble pride,
What ills they could remove, what bliss provide,
Forestall the Saviour's mercy, and devise
A scheme to wipe all tears from mortal eyes ;
Yet time shall vindicate Heaven's humbler plan,
" And justify the ways of God to man."

But if, though wise and good the purposed end,
Reproach and scorn the instrument attend ;
If when the final blessing is confest,
Still the vile Slaver, all the world detest ;
Arraign the States that sent their ships of late,¹⁹
To barter beads and rum for human freight,
That claimed the right, by treaty, to provide
Slaves for themselves, and half the world beside,
And from the Hebrew learned their craft so well,
Their sable brothers to enslave and sell.
Shame and remorse o'erwhelmed the Hebrew race,
And penitence was stamped on every face ;
But modern Slavers, more sagacious grown,
In all the wrong, can see no part their own ;
They drag the Negro from his native shore,
Make him a slave, and then his fate deplore ;

Sell him in distant countries and when sold,
Reville the buyers, but retain the gold :
Dext'rous to win, in time, by various ways,
Substantial profit and alluring praise,
By turns they grow rapacious and humane,
And seize alike the honour and the gain :
Had Joseph's brethren known this modern art,
And played with skill the philanthropic part,
How had bold Judah raved in freedom's cause,
How Levi cursed the foul Egyptian laws,
And Issachar, in speech or long report,²⁰
Brayed at the Masters found in Pharaoh's court,
And taught the King himself the sin to hold
Enslaved the brother they had lately sold,
Proving that sins of traffic never lie
On knaves who sell, but on the dupes that buy.

Such now the maxims of the purer school*
Of ethic lore, where sons of Slavers rule ;²¹
No more allowed the Negro to enslave,
They damn the Master, and for freedom rave,
Strange modes of morals and of faith unfold,
Make newer gospels supersede the old,

* The purer school of New England, which sets aside the Constitution and the Gospel, and substitutes Parker for St. Paul, and Beecher and Garrison for the Evangelists.

Prove that ungodly Paul connived at sin,
And holier rites, like Mormon's priest, begin ;
There, chief and teacher, Gerrett Smith appears,
There Tappan mourns, like Niobe, all tears,
Carnage and fire, mad Garrison invokes,
And Hale, with better temper, smirks and jokes ;
There Giddings, with the negro mania bit, .
Mouths and mistakes his ribaldry for wit,
His fustian speeches, into market brings,
And prints and peddles all the paltry things ;
The pest and scorn of legislative halls,
No rule restrains him, no disgrace appals,
Kicked from the House, the creature knows no pain,
But crawls, contented, to his seat again,²²
Wallows with joy in slander's slough once more,
And plays Thersites, happier than before ;
Prompt from his seat—when distant riots need
The Senate's aid—he flies with railway speed,
Harangues, brags, bullies, then resumes his chair,
And wears his trophies with a hero's air ;
His colleagues scourge him ; but he shrewdly shows
A profitable use for whips and blows—
His friends and voters mark the increasing score,
Count every lash, and honour him the more.

Parental rule, in youth he bravely spurned,
And higher law, with boyish wit discerned,
A village teacher then, his style betrays
The pedant practice of those learned days,
When boys, not demagogues, obeyed his nod,
His higher law, the tear-compelling rod ;
While, Georgia's guest, a pleasant life he led,
And Slavery fed him with her savoury bread,
As now it helps him, in an ampler way,
With spells and charms that factious hordes obey.

There Stowe, with prostituted pen assails
One-half her country, in malignant tales ;
Careless, like Trollope, whether truth she tells,
And anxious only how the libel sells,
To slander's mart, she furnishes supplies,
And feeds its morbid appetite for lies,
On fictions fashioned with malicious art,
The venal pencil, and malignant heart,
With fact distorted, inference unsound,
Creatures, in fancy, not in nature found—
Chaste quadroon virgins, saints of sable hue,
Martyrs, than sainted Paul, more tried and true,
Demoniac masters, sentimental slaves,
Mulatto cavaliers, and Creole knaves—

Monsters each portrait drawn, each story told !
What then ? The book may bring its weight in gold ;
Enough ! upon the crafty rule she leans,
That makes the purpose justify the means,
Concocts the venom, and, with eager gaze,
To Glasgow flies for patron, pence, and praise,²⁷
And for a slandered country finds rewards
In smiles, or sneers, of Duchesses and Lords.²⁸

These use the Negro, a convenient tool,
That yields substantial gain, or party rule,
Gives what without it they could never know,
To Chase, distinction, courtly friends to Stowe,
To Parker, themes for miracles of rant,
And Beecher, blesses with new gifts of cant.
The Master's task has been the Black to train,
To form his mind, his passions to restrain,
With anxious care and patience to impart
The knowledge that subdues the savage heart,
To give the Gospel lessons that control
The rudest breast, and renovate the soul—
Who does, or gives as much, of all who raise
Their sland'rous cry for foreign pence or praise ;
Of all the knaves who clamour and declaim
For party power, or philanthropic fame,

Or use the Negro's fancied wrongs and woes,
As petty themes for maudlin verse or prose ?

Taught by the Master's efforts, by his care,
Fed, clothed, protected, many a patient year,
From trivial numbers now to millions grown,
With all the Whiteman's useful arts their own,
Industrious, docile, skilled in wood and field,
To guide the plough, the sturdy axe to wield,
The Negroes schooled by Slavery embrace
The highest portion of the Negro race ;
And none the savage native will compare,
Of barbarous Guinea, with its offspring here.

If bound to daily labour while he lives,
His is the daily bread that labour gives ;
Guarded from want, from beggary secure,
He never feels what Hireling crowds endure,
Nor knows, like them, in hopeless want to crave,
For wife and child, the comforts of the slave,
Or the sad thought that, when about to die,
He leaves them to the world's cold charity,
And sees them slowly seek the poor-house door—
The last vile hated refuge of the poor.²⁹

Still Europe's saints, that mark the moats alone
In other's eyes, yet never see their own,

Grieve that the Slave is never taught to write,
And reads no better than the Hireling White;
Do their own ploughmen no instruction lack,
Have whiter clowns more knowledge than the Black?
Has the French peasant, or the German boor,
Of learning's treasure any larger store;
Have Ireland's millions, flying from the rule
Of those who censure, ever known a school?
A thousand years, and Europe's wealth impart
No means to mend the Hireling's head or heart;
They build no schools to teach the pauper White,
Their toiling millions neither read nor write;
Whence then the idle clamour when they rave
For schools and teachers for the distant Slave?⁸⁰

And why the soft regret, the coarse attack,
If Justice punish the offending Black?
Are Whites not punished?—When Utopian times
Shall drive from Earth all miseries and crimes,
And teach the World the art to do without
The cat, the gauntlet, and the brutal knout,
Banish the halter, galley, jails and chains,
And strip the law of penalties and pains;
Here too, offence and wrong they may prevent,
And Slaves, with Hirelings, need no punishment.⁸¹

'Till then, what lash of Slavery will compare
With the dread scourge that British soldiers bear?
What gentle rule, in Britain's Isle, prevails,
How rare her use of gibbets, stocks and jails!
How much humaner, than a master's whip,
Her penal colony and convict ship!
Whose code of law can darker pages show,
Where blood for smaller misdemeanors flow?
The trifling theft or trespass that demands,
For slaves, light penance from a master's hands,
Where Europe's milder punishments are known,
Incur the penalty of death alone.

And yet the Master's lighter rule ensures
More order than the sternest code secures;
No mobs of factious workmen gather here,
No strikes we dread, no lawless riots fear;
Nuns, from their convent driven, at midnight fly,²²
Churches, in flames, ask vengeance from the sky,
Seditious schemes in bloody tumults end,
Parsons incite, and Senators defend,
But not where Slaves their easy labours ply,
Safe from the snare, beneath a Master's eye;
In useful tasks engaged, employed their time,
Untempted by the demagogue to crime,

Secure they toil, uncursed their peaceful life,
With labour's hungry broils and wasteful strife.*
No want to goad, no faction to deplore,
The Slave escapes the perils of the poor.

* The late Preston strike lost to the parties—masters and workmen—over two millions of dollars, and ended where it begun.

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Hireling in Europe willing to exchange for the security of the Slave, his own precarious subsistence; the comforts of the Slave; his religious enjoyments; his sports and amusements; extinction of the Indian tribes in the country now inhabited by the Negro; certainty that the Negro would also disappear if not protected by Slavery; this fate speedy in temperate climates—as certain, if slower, in tropical countries, habitable by Whites; awaits the Blacks in Hayti; folly of exchanging the comfort and security of the Slave for a certain evil or problematical good; purposes of African Slavery—the cultivation of tropical countries, the improvement of the Negro, the civilization of Africa; duty of the Master, to govern with vigour, but kindness, to regard his part of the work as also assigned by Providence, and to perform it faithfully.

THE HIRELING AND THE SLAVE.

PART SECOND.

SEE yonder poor o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the Earth
To give him leave to toil,
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

BURNS.

WHERE Hireling millions toil, in doubt and fear,
For food and clothing, all the weary year,
Content and grateful, if their Masters give
The boon they beg—to labour and to live;
While dreamers task their idle wits to find,
A short hand method to enrich mankind,

And Fourier's scheme or Owen's plans entice
Expectant thousands, with some deep device
For raising wages, for abating toil,
And reaping crops from ill-attended soil :
If, while the anxious multitudes appear,
Now glad with hope, now yielding to despair,
A Seraph form, descending from the skies,
In mercy sent, should meet their wond'ring eyes,
And smiling promise to each suppliant there,
The promised good that fills the labourer's prayer,
Food, clothing, freedom from the wants, the cares,
The pauper Hireling ever feels or fears ;
And, at their death, these blessings to renew,
That wives and children may enjoy them too,
That, when disease or age their strength impairs,
Subsistence and a home should still be their's ;
What wonder would the promised boon impart,
What grateful rapture swell the Peasant's heart ;
How freely would the hungry list'ners give
A life-long labour, thus secure to live !

And yet the life, so unassailed by care,
So blest with moderate work. with ample fare,
With all the good the starving pauper needs,
The happier Slave on each plantation leads ;

Safe from harassing doubts and annual fears,
He dreads no famine, in unfruitful years;
If harvests fail from inauspicious skies,
The Master's providence his food supplies;
No Paupers perish here for want of bread,
Or lingering live, by foreign bounty fed;
No exiled trains of homeless Peasants go,
In distant climes, to tell their tales of woe:
Far other fortune, free from care and strife,
For work, or bread, attends the Negro's life,
And Christian Slaves may challenge as their own,
The blessings claimed in fabled states alone—
The cabin home, not comfortless, though rude,
Light daily labour, and abundant food,
The sturdy health, that temperate habits yield,
The cheerful song, that rings in every field,
The long, loud laugh, that freemen seldom share,
Heaven's boon to bosoms unapproached by care,
And boisterous jest and humour unrefined,
That leave, though rough, no painful sting behind;
While, nestling near, to bless their humble lot,
Warm social joys surround the Negro's cot,
The evening dance its merriment imparts,
Love, with his rapture, fills their youthful hearts,

And placid age, the task of labour done,
Enjoys the summer shade, the winter sun,
And, as through life no pauper want he knows,
Laments no Poorhouse penance at its close.

Safe in Ambition's trumpet call to strife,
No Conscript fears harass his humble life,
While the crushed peasant bleeds—a worthless thing,
The broken toy of Emperor or King,
Calm in his peaceful home, the Slave prepares
His garden spot, and plies his rustic cares;
The comb and honey that his bees afford,
The eggs in ample gourd compactly stored,
The pig, the poultry, with a chapman's art,
He sells or barter at the Village Mart,
Or, at the Master's mansion, never fails
An ampler price to find and readier sales.

There when December's welcome frosts recall
The friends and inmates of the crowded Hall,
To each glad Nurseling of the Master's race,
He brings his present, with a smiling face
And offered hand—of warm unfeigning heart,
In all his Master's joys, he claims a part,
And, true as Clansman to the Highland Chief,
Mourns every loss and grieves in all his grief;

When Christmas now, with it's abundant cheer
And thornless pleasure, speeds the parting year,
He shares the common joy—the early morn
Wakes Hunter, clamorous hound and echoing horn,
Quick steps are heard, the merry season named,
The loiterers caught, the wonted forfeit claimed,
In feasts maturing busy hands appear,
And jest and laugh assail the ready ear,
Whose voice, than his, more gaily greets the dawn,
Whose foot so lightly treads the frosty lawn,
Whose heart as merrily, where mirth prevails
On every side, the joyous season hails !
Around the slaughtered Ox—a Christmas prize,
The Slaves assembling stand with eager eyes,
Rouse, with their dogs, the porker's piercing cry,
Or drag it's squealing tenant from the sty ;
With smile and bow, receive their winter dues,
The strong warm clothing and substantial shoes,
Blankets adorned with stripes of border red,
And caps of wool that warm the woollier head ;
Then clear the barn, the ample area fill,
In the gay jig, display their vigorous skill,
No dainty steps, no mincing measures here,—
Ellsler's trained graces—seem to float in air,

But hearts of joy and nerves of living steel,
On floors that spring beneath the bounding reel ;
Proud on his chair, with Magisterial glance
And stamping foot, the Fiddler rules the dance,
Draws, if he nods, the still unwearied bow,
And gives a joy, no bearded bands bestow,
The triple holiday, on angel wings,
With every fleeting hour, a pleasure brings ;
No Ennui clouds, no coming cares annoy,
Nor wants nor sorrows check the Negro's joy.

His too the Christian privilege to share
The weekly festival of praise and prayer ;
For him the Sabbath shines with holier light,
The air grows balmier, and the sky more bright ;
Winter's brief suns with warmer radiance glow,
With softer breath the gales of autumn blow,
Spring with new flowers more richly strews the
ground,
And summer spreads a fresher verdure round ;
The early shower is past ; the joyous breeze
Shakes patt'ring rain drops from the rustling trees,
And with the sun, the fragrant offerings rise,
From Nature's censers to the bounteous skies ;

With cheerful aspect, in his best array,
To the far forest church he takes his way ;
With kind salute the passing neighbour meets,
With awkward grace the morning traveller greets,
And joined by crowds, that gather as he goes,
Seeks the calm joy the Sabbath morn bestows.

There no proud temples to devotion rise,
With marble domes that emulate the skies ;
But bosomed in primeval trees that spread
Their limbs o'er mouldering mansions of the dead,
Moss cinctured oaks and solemn pines between,
Of modest wood, the house of God is seen,
By shaded springs, that from the sloping land
Bubble and sparkle through the silver sand,
Where high o'er arching laurel blossoms blow,
Where fragrant bays breathe kindred sweets below,
And elm and ash their blended arms entwine
With the bright foliage of the mantling vine :
In quiet chat, before the hour of prayer,
Masters and Slaves in scattered groups appear ;
Loosed from the carriage, in the shades around,
Impatient horses neigh and paw the ground ;
No city discords break the silence here,
No sounds unmeet offend the listener's ear ;

But rural melodies of flocks and birds,
The lowing, far and faint, of distant herds,
The mocking-bird, with minstrel pride elate,
The partridge whistling for its absent mate,
The thrush's solitary notes prolong,
Bold, merry blackbirds swell the general song,
The crested cardinal, of scarlet hue,
The Jay, with restless wing of softer blue,
The cawing crow—upon the loftiest pine
Cautious and safe—their various voices join.

When now the Pastor lifts his earnest eyes,
And hands outstretched, a suppliant to the skies;
No rites of pomp or pride beguile the soul,
No organs peal, no clouds of incense roll,
But, line by line, untutored voices raise,
Like the wild birds, their simple notes of praise,
And hearts of love, with true devotion bring,
Incense as pure to Heaven's eternal King,
On glorious themes their humble thoughts employ,
And rise transported with no earthly joy;
The blessing said, the service o'er, again
Their swelling voices raise the sacred strain;
Lingering, they love to sing of Jordan's shore,
Where sorrows cease, and toil is known no more.

Not toil alone, the fortune of the Slave!
He shares the sports and spoils of wood and wave ;
Through the dense swamp, where wilder forests rise
In tangled masses, and shut out the skies,
Where the dark covert shuns the noontide blaze,
With agile step, he threads the pathless maze,
The hollow gum with searching eye explores,
Traces the bee to its delicious stores,
The ringing axe with ceaseless vigour plies,
And from the hollow scoops the luscious prize.

When Autumn's parting days grow cold and brief,
Light hoar frosts sparkle on the fallen leaf,
The breezeless pines, at rest, no longer sigh,
Bright, pearl-like clouds hang shining in the sky ;
And on strong pinions, in the clear blue light,
Exulting falcons wheel their towering flight,
With short shrill cry, arrest the cheerful flow
Of song, and hush the frightened fields below.
When to the homestead flocks and herds incline,
Sonorous conchs recall the rambling swine,
And from the fleecy field, the setting sun
Sends home the Slave, his easy harvest done ;
In field and wood he hunts the frequent hare,
The wild hog chases to the forest lair,

Entraps the gobbler ; with persuasive smoke
Beguiles the 'possum from the hollow oak ;⁸⁴
On the tall pine tree's topmost bough espies
The crafty coon—a more important prize—
Detects the dodger's peering eyes that glow
With fire reflected from the blaze below,
Hews down the branchless trunk with practised hand
And drives the climber from his nodding stand,
Downward, at last, he springs, with crashing sound,
Where Jet and Pincher seize him on the ground,
Yields to the hunter the contested spoil,
And pays, with feast and fur, the evening toil.

When calm skies glitter with the starry light,
The boatman tries the fortune of the night,
Launches the light canoe ; the torch's beam
Gleams like a gliding meteor on the stream ;
Along the shore, the flick'ring fire-light steals,
Shines through the wave, and all its wealth reveals ;
The spotted trout its mottled side displays,
Swift shoals of mullet flash beneath the blaze ;
He marks their rippling course ; through cold and
wet,

Lashes the sparkling tide with dext'rous net ;*

*"Latum funda jam verberat amnem."

With poised harpoon the bass or drum assails,
And strikes the barb through silv'ry tinted scales.

When on the sandy shore, in early June,
With lustrous glory looks the full orb'd moon,
And, spreading from the eye, her pearly light
Shines on the billows tremulously bright,
When swelling tides—the winds and waves at rest—
Tempt the shy turtle to her simple nest,
That scooped in sand, and hid with curious art,
Wait the quick life that summer suns impart,
The Negro's watchful step the beach explores,
In the loose sand detects its secret stores,
Pursues the fugitive's slow, cumbrous flight,
And wins his crowning trophy from the night.

No need has he the Poacher's doom to fear,
Himself ensnared, while sedulous to snare;
To him no keeper closes field or wood,
Nor laws forbid the riches of the flood;
Shrimp, oyster, mullet, an Apician feast,
Fit for the taste of pampered Prince or Priest,
He freely takes, nor dreads the partial law
That seeks the boon of Nature to withdraw
From common use, for Fortune's sated son,
A pastime only for his rod or gun,

Kept for an Idler's sport, preserved and fed,
While hungry thousands cry aloud for bread.

Still braver sports are his, when April showers
Give life and beauty to the joyous flowers,
When jasmynes, through the wood, to early spring,
In golden cups, their dewy incense bring,
White dog-wood blossoms sparkle through the trees,⁸⁵
The grape's wild fragrance scents the morning breeze,
And with the warmer sun and balmier air,
The finny myriads to their haunts repair ;
Such sports are his—with ready jest and glee,
Where bold Port Royal spreads its mimic sea ;
Far in the North—the length'ning bay and sky
Blent into one—its shining waters lie,
And southward, breaking on the shelving shore,
Meet the sea wave and swell its endless roar ;
On either hand gay groups of islands show
Their charms reflected in the stream below—
No sunnier lands, no lovelier isles than these,
No happier homes, the weary traveller sees !
Hilton's long shore on Ocean's breast reclines,
And rears her headland of majestic pines ;
Fenced from the billows by her subject isles,
Touched by the rising sun, St. Helen smiles,

Gleaming afar across the purple bay,
Her sand hills glitter with the morning ray ;
Worn by the tides, reluctant Parris yields
To waves and shallows, her receding fields ;
Dawes centred lies in marshes broad and green,
Beaufort's dark woods adorn the varying scene,
And Lemon's oak, in lonely grandeur, rears
His form—a giant of a thousand years—
The sole survivor of a Titan race,
A living monument, he marks the place
Where dauntless hearts, Ribault's ill-fated band,
Claimed, as their own, the wide imperial land ;³⁶
Sent by Coligni's wisdom to explore,
For peaceful homes, this new discovered shore.
They mark each quiet nook, each grassy glade,
And spreading oak, of broad, inviting shade,
In endless woods, with eager pleasure roam,
And hail with joy the promised western home ;
While chiefs and kings, the wondrous stranger greet,
And lay their presents at the Whiteman's feet ;
But vain the hope ! To this sequestered place
Their ancient foes, the fierce Iberian race,
Through miry swamps and pathless thickets steal,
Murder the heretic, with frantic zeal,

Pollute, with Christian blood, the virgin sod,
And prove, by massacre, their love of God.
With better fortune, near the blood-stained grave,
Advent'rous Britons, braving wind and wave,
Guided by Sayle, in merry Charles's reign,
Sought wealth and empire on these shores again,
Weary of storm and calm, of seas and skies,
They watched the rising coast with rapturous eyes,
Trod with delight the fragrance-breathing strand,
And drew new life and vigour from the land.
But, warned by spectral visions of the dead,
From the broad bay and peerless Islands fled,
To safer fields their feeble fortunes bore,
And built their State on Ashley's sheltered shore.

Far in the West, where sunset's parting beam
With brighter splendour tints the glassy stream,
Pinckney's green island-home yet bears the name,*
Of one whose virtues share his country's fame,
A soldier proved, without reproach or fear,
A statesman skilled new commonwealths to rear,
To field and forum equally inured,
What arms had won, his eloquence secured ;

* The country seat of Gen. C. C. Pinckney.

With stern resolve his country to defend,
He spurned the arrogance of foe and friend;
War crowned him with the laurels of the brave,
And civic garlands peace as amply gave;
With care he watched the anarchy that waits,
In ambushed strength, to crush revolting States,
And strove with zeal, all jealous fears above,
To bind them fast, by ties of social love:
In this alone his generous spirit saw
For peace, security, and rule for law,
Safety from border strife, from foreign foe,
And the long ills that feeble nations know.

Here, every work of patriot duty wrought,
His peaceful shades the veteran Statesman sought,
With ready anecdote, the livelong day,
Or playful wit, he charmed the grave and gay,
And taught the art to brighten and refine,
With cheerful wisdom, life's unmarked decline.

With ready sympathy, he loved to view
The April sports, and to partake them too,
To watch—at early dawn, when skies are bright,
And dews lie sparkling in the early light,
On leaf and flower—the sail and glistening oar
Launched on the Bay from every creek and shore,

The favourite rock, the noted shoal to reach,
Their land marks tracing on the distant beach,
Far as the eye commands the scene around,
Gay fleets glide swiftly on the shining Sound ;
With shouts and taunts the daily race is run,
The sail is furled, the wonted station won,
The line prepared, the hook with caution tried,
The various bait with artful care applied—
All eager—slaves and masters—to behold
Their annual prize, with glittering scales of gold,
To feel the line through glowing fingers glide,
Watch where the victim shows his burnished side,
With patient skill his various efforts foil,
And seize, in triumph, on the conquered spoil ;
Then boast and jest exultingly proclaim
New trophies added to the victor's fame ;
And the broad grin and shining face declare,
How true a joy the Negro sportsmen share.

Now, with declining day, on every hand,
The loaded boats turn slowly to the land,
Spread the light sail, or ply the bending oar,
And seek warm shelter on the wooded shore :
The boat song's chorus, with its wonted charm,
Imparts new vigour to each sturdy arm ;

The camp, the hamlet catch the well known note,*
Expect the spoil, and hail the welcome boat.

With sharpened appetite, the joyous crews
Prolong their feast of savoury steaks and stews,
And join, where camp fires glimmer thro' the trees,
The light laugh floating on the western breeze ;
Describe the fish and fortunes of the day,
How sly the bite, how beautiful the play,
Tell, with grave face, the superstitious charm
That wrought the fisherman success or harm,
Recount the feats of fishing or of fun,
In other days, by older sportsmen done,
In dreams renew their triumphs through the night,
And wake to others with the dawning light.

Not Marshfield's master, in the palmiest day,⁸⁷
For feast or fish, could readier skill display,
Chowder expound, with more consummate art,
At the full trencher play a manlier part,
Or more secure from each intrusive care,
The joy participate and feast prepare.

Not Elliott, early trained, with easy skill,
Old Walton's various offices to fill,

*The fishermen from a distance encamp near the plantations among the trees.

The sport to lead, the willing ear beguile,
And charm with rare felicity of style,
The straining line with nicer art employs,
With keener zest the manly sport enjoys,
Or takes the fish and fortunes of the day,
Sunshine or shower, more buoyantly gay.

But if the wayward fish refuse the bait,
If floating lines, for slacker tides await,
Its trick and fun the idle moment brings,
From boat to boat light-hearted laughter rings;
The novice starts alarmed, his slumber broke
By the sly veteran's oft repeated joke,
Or Dupe and Jester, stretched in dreamless sleep,
Lie rocked by billows rolling from the deep,
Fanned by the southern breeze, that on its wings,
From the blue sea refreshing coolness brings :
Now roused by hunger, every hand explores
The well-filled box, and gulls its ample stores—
Fish from the morning feast; the bounteous maize,
Of grist or flour, an ampler dish displays;
With appetite unsated to the last,
They feast, and Kings might covet the repast.

But other scenes attract the Master's gaze,
Amuse, or steal his thoughts to other days,

When on these streams the Indian's swift canoe,
Light as the gull, to sport or battle flew ;
Light as the noisy flocks, that meet the eye,
On restless pinions flitting gaily by ;
A tameless ocean-brood that loves to rove
The shore and sea, but shuns the quiet grove,
In idle sport, they chase and are pursued,
With sudden dart surprise their minnow food,
The rising Diver watch, the well-earned prize
Snatch from his bill, with sharp exulting cries,
Or in the stream their glossy plumage lave,
And sit with graceful lightness on the wave.

Aloft the fish-hawk wings his wary way,
Stops, turns, and watches the incautious prey,
Quick, as the fish attracts his piercing eye,
With fluttered wings a moment poised on high,
Headlong he plunges with unerring aim,
In iron claws secures the struggling game,
Upward again his joyous flight resumes,
And shakes the water from his ruffled plumes.

Vain is his joy or skill ! On Edings' shores,
The eagle's patient watch the scene explores ;
From the tall blasted pine, prepared to spring,
With neck outstretched and half unfolded wing,

He sees the plunging hawk, the struggling prey,
Cleaves, like the lightning flash, the liquid way ;
The hawk perceives the dread aerial king,
Quails at the shadow of the broad dark wing,
Ceases in circling sweeps to scale the sky,
And drops his treasure with indignant cry ;*
Swooping with matchless power and rushing sound,
Before the falling prize can reach the ground,
In graceful curve, the eagle meets his spoil,
The plundered product of another's toil,
Regains his perch that far o'erlooks the main,
Feasts with fierce eye, and holds his watch again.

So the mailed Baron, with the dawning light,
Watched the broad valley from his castled height ;
If far below, dense clouds of mist between,
The passing Burgher's flocks and herds were seen,
The Merchant troop, from orient climes returned,
With pearls and gold by toil and peril earned,
Down swooped the pennon from the feudal hold,
And clutched the flocks, the costly gems and gold,
Safe on the rocky perch, in wassail rude,
Spent the long night, and watch at morn renewed.

* So Audubon interprets the cry to mean.

Bright streams and isles, how memory loves to trace
Its boyish sports in each familiar place,
By wood and wave with joy renewed to dwell,
And live again the life once loved so well :
Still, with the scene, old faces reappear,
Voices, long silent, meet the musing ear,
And many a hamlet gleaming on the shore,
Recalls a friend whose sports and toils are o'er.
Can ceaseless cares for power and place impart
Scenes such as these to charm and mend the heart ?
The blue arch resting on the distant trees,
The bright wave curling to the ocean breeze,
The dewy woods that greet the rising sun,
The clouds that close the golden circuit run,
Rolled in bright masses of a thousand dyes,
A pomp and glory in the western skies.
Here every flower that gems the forest sod,
May guide the heart from Nature to its God,
And higher hopes and purer joys bestow,
Than the poor slaves of faction ever know,
When demagogues have won, with brazen throat,
The loudest cheer and most triumphant vote.
Even when nor party nor a people's voice,
But Providence itself hath made the choice,

And lifts the man, whom worth and wisdom grace,
To sit in Liberty's supremest place ;
Though loved and honoured in a nation's eyes,
Though faction's self confess him just and wise ;
Still the calm home, where peace and virtue dwell,
Charms with a silent, but a mightier spell ;
And Fillmore left, without a sigh, the toys
Of State for homelier but serener joys,
Faithful, like Washington, to order's cause,
And prompt, like him, to vindicate her laws,
Like him, he looked with still reverted eye,
To happier scenes than office can supply,
Turned from the noisy Hall, the coarse debate,
The curse of patronage and frauds of State,
The caucus juggler and his pliant tool,
The slaves of party and its tyrant rule,
The knavish arts that demagogues employ,
Lies that supplant and whispers that destroy ;
Whose work would shame the honest hand of toil,
Whose love of country means the love of spoil,
Who, for their party, wrong their nearest friends,
Betray that party for their private ends,
Pursue with subtle craft, by fraud and force,
The Patriot-trade—the scoundrel's last resource ;

Deplore the people's wrong, inflame their rage,
In factious brawls, for fancied ills engage,
Hot with unmeasured zeal—'till office fills
Their itching palms, and cures all wrongs and ills;
From these he turned—from falsehood, craft and
 strife,

To the pure joys that wait on private life
In scenes like this, where forest, stream and sky,
Speak in charmed accents to the gazer's eye,
And Nature's voiceless eloquence inparts
Her hopes and joys to renovated hearts.

And even here, if Sorrow finds her way,
If, as they will, these hopes and joys decay,
Nor talents guard, nor charms of temper save,
Nor virtues shield the loved one from the grave;
While worldly turmoil wrings the mourner's heart,
Home's quiet scenes a soothing balm impart,
Faith here has room to spread her Heavenward wing,
Hope strips the baffled conqueror of his sting,
The heart communes with spirits from above,
And for a mortal's, finds an angel's love,
By wood and stream, where twilight walks beguile,
Hears the soft voice and sees the undying smile.

He, too, that sorrows for another's woes,
And early dead, the same sad fortune knows,
Hears, at the midnight hour, the fevered groan,
The cry of mortal pain, the dying moan ;
With trembling hand, attempts at last to close
The rayless eyes, the lifeless limbs compose,
Sees the brave, gentle bosom fill the grave,
And mourns the son he could have died to save.

To other griefs that changeful life supplies,
Griefs of a race, awakened Memory flies,
And backward as she turns her thoughtful view,
The vanished Indian seems to live anew ;
Low voices whisper round, from stream and bay,
The mournful tale of nations past away ;
And names, like spirits of the buried race,
Of plaintive sweetness, tell their dwelling place ;
On every isle, in every field and wood,
Shells show, in heaps, where once the wigwam stood ;
Spear points of flint and arrow heads are found,
Fragments of pottery strew the haunted ground,
And barrows broad, with ancient trees o'erspread,
Still hold the relics of the warrior dead—
Relics of Tribes and Nations that of yore
Welcomed the Saxon stranger to the shore ;

Then masters of the land, with matchless skill,
They chased the deer, by valley, plain and hill,
Through gloomy forests sought a nobler game,
And won, with pride, the warrior's sterner fame;
Where moose and elk, their fragrant forest home
In wastes of fir by Madawaska roam;
Where, on his breast, Potomac loves to trace
The Patriot's home and hallowed resting-place;
In quiet beauty, where Saluda flows;
Catawba rushes from his mountain snows;
Through the lost Eden of the Cherokee,
Where Tallapoosa seeks the Southern sea;
Where slow Oscilla winds his gentler tides,
By cypress shadow where Suwannee glides;
Where crowned with woods, the Apalachians rise,
The Blue Ridge blends its summit with the skies,
Long rolling waves break foaming from the deep,
And Erie's ocean thunders down the steep;
Lords of the lake, the shore, the stream, the wood,
Painted and plumed, the giant warriors stood,
With presents filled the feeble stranger's hand,
And hailed his coming to the Redman's land;
Now from these homes expelled, in seeming rest,
A hopeless remnant, cowering in the West,

They linger till the surge of millions come
To sweep them headlong from their transient home:
Vainly the gentle wish, the gen'rous strive
To save the helpless wanderers that survive,
Lure them from sloth, from ignorance and strife,
And make them learn the social arts of life;
In vain, with adverse will, the Indian tries
To win the bread that toil or art supplies,
Like their wild woods, before the Saxon's sway,
The native Nations wither and decay;
The same their doom, where wars the forest sweep,
Like winter torrents rushing to the deep,
Or where the tides of peace more slowly eat
As sure a passage to their last retreat;
Where'er their lot, with Puritan or Friend,
Friendship and hatred bring one common end;
Chieftain and brave have vanished from the scene,
And Memory hardly tells that they have been.

Such, too, the fate the Negro must deplore,
If Slavery guard his subject race no more,
If by weak friends or vicious counsels led
To change his blessings for the Hireling's bread.
Cheated by idle hopes, he vainly tries
To tempt the fortune that his strength denies,

Quits the safe port, deserts the peaceful shore,
An unknown sea of peril to explore ;
Hard the long toil the Hireling bread to gain,
Slight is his power, Life's battle to maintain ;
And war's swift sword, or peace, with slow decay,
Must, like the Indian, sweep his race away.⁸⁸

Swift is the doom, where temperate climes invite
To fruitful soils the labours of the White ;
Where no foul vapour taints the morning air,
And bracing frosts, his wasted strength repair :
Where Europe's hordes, from home and hunger fled,
Task every nerve and ready art for bread,
Rush to each work, the calls for labour yield,
And bear no sable brother in the field ;
There in suburban dens and human sties,
In foul excesses sunk, the negro lies ;
A moral pestilence to taint and stain,
His life a curse, his death a social gain,
Debased, despised, the Northern Pariah knows
He shares no good that liberty bestows ;
Spurned from her gifts, with each successive year,
In drunken want, his numbers disappear.

In tropic climes, where Nature's bounteous hand
Pours ceaseless blessings on the teeming land,

And, with the fruits and flowers that she bestows,
Fierce fevers lurk, the white man's deadliest foes,
More safe the negro seems—his sluggish race
Luxuriates in the hot congenial place—
A Lotus bearing paradise that flows
With all the lazy joys, the negro knows,
Where all day long, beneath the Tamarisk shade,
Stretched on his back, in scanty garb arrayed,
With sated appetite, in sensual ease,
Fanned into slumber by the listless breeze,
A careless life of indolence he lives,
Fed by the fruits perpetual Summer gives :
Yet here, unguided by Caucasian skill,
Unurged to labour by a master will,
Abandoned to his native sloth that knows
No state so blest as undisturbed repose,
With no restraint, that struggling virtue needs,
With every vice, that lazy pleasure breeds,
His life, to savage indolence he yields,
To weeds and jungle, the deserted fields ;
Where once the mansion rose, the garden smiled,
Where art and labour tamed the tropic wild,
Their hard wrought trophies sink into decay,
The wilderness again resumes its sway,

Rank weeks displace the labours of the spade,
And reptiles crawl where joyous infants played.³⁹

Such now the negro's life, such wrecks appear
Of former affluence, industry, and care,
On Hayti's plains, where once her golden stores
Gave their best commerce to the Gallic shores ;
While yet no foul revolt or servile strife
Marred the calm tenor of the negro's life,
And lured his mind—with mimicry elate
Of titled nobles and Imperial state—
From useful labour, savage wars to wage,
To glut with massacre, a demon's rage,
Forget the Christian, in the pagan rite,
And serve a negro master for a white.⁴⁰

But even in climes like this, a fated power,
In patient ambush, waits the coming hour,⁴¹
When from their hovels, war and want shall drive
New hordes of hunger from the swarming hive,
And Europe's multitudes again demand
Its boundless riches, from the willing land
That now, in vain luxuriance, idly lies ;
And yields no harvests to the genial skies ;
Then shall the Ape of Empire meet its doom,
Black peer and Prince their ancient tasks resume,

Renounce the mimicries of war and state,
And useful labour strive to emulate.

Why peril then the negro's humble joys,
Why make him free, if freedom but destroys ?
Why take him from that lot that now bestows
More than the negro elsewhere ever knows—
Home, clothing, food, light labour, and content,
Childhood in play, and age, in quiet spent,
To vex his life with factious strife and broil,
To crush his nature with unwonted toil,
To see him, like the Indian tribes, a prey
To war or peace, destruction or decay ?

Not such his fate, Philanthropy replies,
His horoscope is drawn from happier skies ;
Bonds soon shall cease to be the negro's lot,
Mere race distinctions shall be all forgot,
And White and Black amalgamating, prove
The charms, that Stone admires, of mongrel love,^{as}
Erase the lines, that erring nature draws
To sever races, and rescind her laws ;
Reverse the rule that stupid farmers heed,
And mend the higher by the coarser breed ;
Or prove the world's long history false, and find
Wit, wisdom, genius in the negro mind ;

If not intended thus, in time, to blend
In one bronze coloured breed—what then the end?
What purposed good, like that which brought before,
The Hebrew Seer to Nile's mysterious shore,
Brings the dusk children of the burning zone
To toil in fields and forests not their own?

They come where Summer suns intensely blaze,
And Celt and Saxon shun the fatal rays;
Where gay Savannas bloom, wild forests rise,
And prairies spread, beneath unwholesome skies;
Where Mississippi's broad alluvial lands
Demand the labour of unnumbered hands,
With promised gifts, from endless hill and vale,
From fields whose riches mock the traveller's tale,
Where nature blossoms, in her tropic pride,
All bounties given, but health alone denied;
They come to cleave the forest from the plain,
From the rank soil, to rear the golden grain,
The wealth of hill and valley to disclose,
Make the wild desert blossom as the rose,
To all the world, unwonted blessings give,
The naked clothe, and bid the starving live;
Where Amazon's imperial valley lies
Untamed and basking under tropic skies

They come, his secret treasures to unfold—
Spices and silks and gems and countless gold ;
For fields of cane, his matted woods displace,
For flocks and herds exchange the reptile race,
With tower and city, crown the ocean stream,
And make his valley, one Arcadian dream.

Slaves of the plough—when duly tasked they bring,
Like the swart Genii of the lamp and ring,
Their priceless gifts—their labours yield in time,
Unbounded blessings to their native clime ;
Though round it, darkly, clouds and mists have rolled,
Of sloth and ignorance, for years untold ;
Still, in the future, Faith's prophetic eye,
Beyond the cloud, discerns the promised sky ;
See happier lands, their sable thousands pour,
Missions of love, on Congo's suppliant shore,
Skilled in each useful civilizing art,
With all the power that knowledge can impart,
O'er the wild deep, whose heaving billows seem
Bridged for their passage by assisting steam,
To Africa, their Fatherland, they go,
Law, industry, instruction, to bestow ;
To pour, from Western skies, religious light,
Drive, from each hill or vale, its pagan rite,

Teach brutal hordes, a nobler life to plan,
And change, at last, the Savage to the man.

Exulting millions, through their native land,
From Gambia's river, to Angola's strand,
Where Niger's fountain head, the traveller shuns,
And mountain snows are bright with tropic suns,
See, spreading inward from the Atlantic shore,
Industrial skill and arts unknown before ;
Through their broad vallies, populous cities rise,
With gilded domes, and spires that court the skies,
Forests, for countless years the tiger's lair,
Yield their glad acres to the shining shear ;
Where once, along the interminable plain,
The weary traveller dragged his steps with pain,
In iron lines, continuous roads proceed,
And steam outstrips the ostrich in its speed ;
Timbuctoo's towers and fabled walls, that seem
The fabric only of a traveller's dream,
Spread, a broad mart, where commerce brings her
stores,
Of gems and gold, from earth's remotest shores ;
Wealth, art, refinement, follow in her train,
Learning applauds a new Augustan reign,⁴⁸

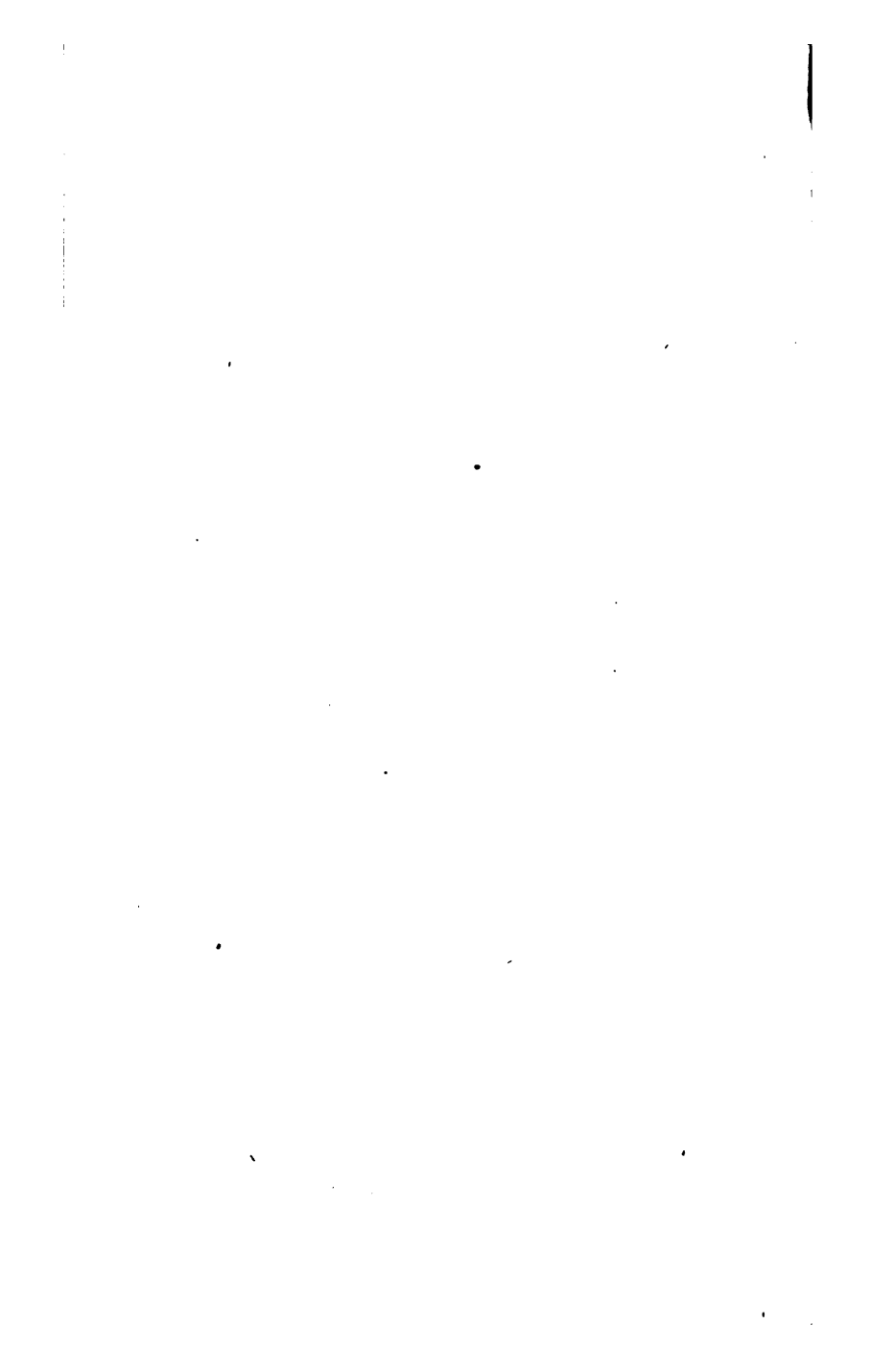
To Tropic suns, her fruits and flowers unfold,
And Lybia hails, at last, her age of gold.

For these great ends, hath Heaven's supreme
command

Brought the black savage from his native land,
Trains for each purpose, his barbarian mind,
By slavery, tamed, enlightened, and refined ;
Instructs him, from a master race, to draw
Wise modes of polity, and forms of law,
Imbues his soul with faith, his heart with love,
Shapes all his life by dictates from above,
And, to a grateful world, resolves at last,
The puzzling question of all ages past,
Revealing to the Christian's gladdened eyes,
How gospel light may dawn from Lybia's skies,
Disperse the mists that darken and deprave,
And shine with power to civilize and save.

Let then the master still his course pursue,
"With heart and hope" perform his mission too ;
Heaven's ruling power confest, with patient care,
The end subserve, the fitting means prepare,
In faith unshaken, guide, restrain, command,
With strong and steady, yet indulgent hand,

Justly, "as in the great Taskmaster's eye,"
His task perform—the negro's wants supply,
The negro's hand, to useful arts incline,
His mind enlarge, his moral sense refine,
With gospel truth, his simple heart engage,
To his dull eyes, unseal its sacred page,
By gradual steps, his feebler nature raise,
Deserve, if not receive, the good man's praise ;
The factious knave defy, and meddling fool,⁴⁴
The pulpit brawler and his lawless tool,
Scorn the grave cant, the supercilious sneer,⁴⁵
The mawkish sentiment, and maudlin tear,
Assured that God, all human power bestows,
Controls its uses, and its purpose knows,
And that each lot, on earth to mortals given,
Its duties duly done, is blest of Heaven.



NOTES.

1.

M. G. LEWIS, author of the *Monk*, writing of the negroes in Jamaica, says, "After all, Slavery, in their case, is but another name for servitude." Lewis is the most competent of witnesses; honest, intelligent, prejudiced against Slavery, he gives the most conclusive testimony that negro Slavery and European servitude are very much the same.

2.

"Irish whites have been long emancipated and nobody asks them to work, or permits them to work on condition of finding them potatoes."—CARLYLE.

The late census of England reports thirty thousand persons without habitations. The poor man's labour secures to him neither potatoes nor a home.

3.

"Oh, Sir," said a mother, "it is hard, to work from morning until night—little ones and all—and not be able to live by it either."—LONDON LABOUR AND POOR.

4.

"I attended the garden," (Convent Garden), said one pauper, "for a week, and lived entirely on the offal of the market." "I walked about," said another, "two days and nights without a bit to eat, except what I picked up in the gutter and eat like a dog—orange peel, old cabbage stumps, anything I could get."—IBID.

5.

"The change from wire shirt buttons to mother of pearl, from metal coat buttons to silk, impoverished thousands. Even the abandonment of powder for the hair produced its share of distress—and so of a hundred occupations."—IBID.

6.

The wigwams of Indians are palaces compared to the dwellings of labourers in the mining country. In a room, fifteen feet by eighteen, were two rows of beds, with no opening for air. The smell to strangers is intolerable. One miner declared the rooms unfit for swine, where fifty men slept in sixteen beds; not a flag or board on the floor, where puddles of water were lying. In Lancastershire, Mr. Wood found forty people sleeping in the same room, all order, delicacy, decency lost in overwhelming squalor. He compares the condition of the monkey house in the Zoological gardens to that of the labouring population. In Devonshire, families of six or eight sleep in one bed—father, mother, grown up sons and daughters. "I have found," he says, "that if a number of empty casks be placed along the street in White

Chapel, in a few days each would have a tenant.”—SANITARY REPORTS.

In a petition from the English miners to Parliament, it is stated that one tenth of their number perish every year. It is there that young children are compelled to work.

7.

In the Sanitary Report, a witness says of a particular parish, “I believe this parish most fearfully demoralized. It is said that twenty years ago there was not one young female cottager of virtuous character; there was not one man who was not, or had not been a drunkard, and theft and fighting were universal.

8.

At an inquest in Leeds, as stated in a Leeds paper, it was asserted by the Coroner, and assented to by the Surgeon as probable, that three hundred children, in Leeds alone, were put to death yearly, to avoid the consequences of their living, and the murderers are never discovered.

9.

The Sanitary Report states that, for three years preceding it, typhus, scarlet fever, and small pox, were never absent from many hamlets and towns—the Royal town of Windsor being the worst of all.

10.

During the famine in Ireland dead bodies were found lying about in the fields, and in deserted houses, and despair put an end to all moral restraints.

11.

The Rev. Mr. Osborne, a Clergyman of the Established Church, in a letter to the London Times, says, "the exodus of the Irish is caused by the cruelty of the landlords. Their evictions make the starving homeless."

In converting small farms into sheep walks in Scotland, the house of Southerland has been conspicuous. This system has had the most pernicious influence on the labouring people of Scotland. It has demoralized the peasantry. It removes the labourers from the restraint of home, collects them in boothies or barracks, and initiates them in every species of vice. Hugh Miller, in his charming autobiography, gives a deplorable account of the demoralization of the Scotch labourers in the last fifty years.

12.

"They (the Exeter Hall philanthropists) would save the Sarawak cut throats with their poisoned spears, but they ignore the thirty thousand needle women, the three million paupers, and the Connaught potential cannibalism."

[CARLYLE.

13.

The Abolition party hire spies or agents to report every thing in accordance with their own wishes and prejudices. They exaggerate facts, receive tales and rumours for truth, describe isolated abuses as the ordinary condition of Slavery—this they must do, to be deemed trust-worthy by their employers, and to earn their living. One of these absurd stories—lately revived by the Westminster Review—asserts that, in Jamaica, on a single plantation, there had been

seventy deaths from violence for six from natural causes. See what Lewis says of the same people; "I never saw people look more happy, in my life, and I believe their condition to be more comfortable than that of the labourers of Great Britain."

14.

The philanthropic labours of England have converted efficient slaves into worthless hirelings—if we can call the men hirelings, whom no wages can tempt to work. The philanthropists are now devising a sort of slave trade in Coolies and free African labourers, in a vain effort to obviate the effects of abolition in their colonies. The new slave trade is attended with enormous mortality. To show how entirely voluntary the Coolie system is, the Coolies have repeatedly seized the vessels in which they were embarked, murdered the crews, and attempted to escape. In Jamaica landed property has become almost worthless, and hundreds of plantations have been abandoned. Nothing prevents the total ruin of the Colony but the power of England. The Island is a galvanized corpse.

15.

See the accounts given by late missionaries of the brutal cruelties common in Ashantee and Dahomey—reviewed in the April number of the Southern Review.

16.

Why these multitudes should wage war on the products of negro labour, as they sometimes threaten to do, is curious

enough. Is the negro as well employed in his own country for his own comfort and happiness? Does he produce, there, anything for the world's advantage? Would it benefit the negro or mankind to restore, to African barbarism, the millions employed in producing sugar, rice and cotton? Could they be usefully employed at all, in any other way, for the world or for themselves? To buy the product of his labour is to contribute to his comfort.

17.

That the slave acquires very decent manners from his associations, is evident enough from the way in which runaways are received into very respectable society among their Northern friends. He is imitative, and naturally acquires something of his Master's politeness. A short time since, in Charleston, a party of Northern ladies and their friends were overtaken, in a walk, by a shower of rain. As they passed the door of a gentleman's house, the servant invited them in. He introduced them into the parlour, handed them refreshments, and expressed his regrets that his Master was not at home to entertain them. "You see," said a Southern lady, "an example of the 'down-trodden, brutalized Negro slave.'" "What a pity," replied the other, "that such a man should be a slave." But what made him such a man, it may be asked, and what becomes of the brutalizing effect of slavery? Would he have acquired these manners in Ashantee or Dahomey—from Pagan priest or Chief, who cuts off a head when he would send a message to the other world? In what is his condition worse than that of a hireling waiter?

18.

The transportation of the Negro to America by the older slave trade was, after all, only a rude mode of emigration—the only mode practicable for him. The philanthropists have taken the trade from the merchants of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Liverpool and Bristol, and thrown it into the hands of the cut-throats and scoundrels of all nations. That the trade should continue to exist under these circumstances, is the strongest evidence that the labour of the African is necessary to the tropical countries of America. This is so clear that the English statesmen are attempting to contrive some kind of substitute for the slave trade as it formerly existed. The African emigrant is as much wanted in America as the Irish or German. Their labour belongs to different climates, and is equally required. As the Negro cannot come, they have been brought. In the changes of public opinions, it is not improbable that a substitute may be required for the brutal and piratical trade which the Abolitionists have been the means of establishing, and which is the only mode by which Africans are now enabled to reach a better country than their own. This substitute will be called the grand African emigration system, and the change of name will remove all objections. We may see Messrs. Greeley and Seward engaging in it from philanthropic motives, and the solid men of Boston, Salem and Providence conducting it with all their former enterprise and success.

19.

The chief revilers of the slaveholder are the people of England and the Eastern States. They are the parties who

bought the negroes in Africa, brought them to America and left them in exchange for large sums of money. They made the system and enjoy the profits. Now that they can no longer carry on the trade, they slander the slaveholder of their own making.

20.

Levi, in his supposed anti-slavery character, may be regarded as the type of the clerical anti-slavers, Beecher, Parker and others. Issachar, the strong ass bowing between two burthens, as typical of the Abolition members of Congress, bowing under the double burthen of political speeches and abolition addresses, like Mr. Giddings, Mr. Seward, Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Campbell.

21.

In Rhode Island and Massachusetts, for example, where the morals of St. Paul are not sufficiently pure, and the gospel of Luke and Mark is superseded by that of Garrison and Philips.

22.

Mr. Giddings has enjoyed the singular honour of being turned out of Congress—where so much is tolerated, he became intolerable. He lately hastened to Boston to comfort and abet the rioters and murderers of an officer assassinated while performing his duty, and appears proud of his exploits there, in boasting and harangueing the rioters.

23.

By some political manœuvre in Massachusetts, the free-soilers and democratic party were enabled to place Mr. Sumner in the Senate of the United States. He seems to have a passion for rhetorical display in high places, and to gratify this little vanity, appears willing to sacrifice the existence of the Confederacy. For a small notoriety, he would set fire to the temple of civil and religious liberty, and become a great man by a great mischief. In questions of legal and constitutional obligation he claims to be governed, not by the constituted authorities of the country, but his own private opinion. This private judgment, or higher law, is only another name for what was formerly called "inward light," of which Dr. Johnson says, "it is utterly incompatible with social or civil security—how can we tell what such a person may be prompted to do."

24.

Mr. Greeley's favourite mode of exhibiting resentment or indignation is by spitting. His last performance of a public nature, in this way, was spitting on the political platform of his friends, the Whigs. It is to be hoped that he is not addicted to soothing his cares by chewing one of the Slave productions.

25.

This man was imprisoned in Baltimore for abducting, not stealing, certain negroes in that neighbourhood. He was released by Mr. Tappan, with many lamentations over the money expended in effecting it.

26.

During the Nebraska debate, Mr. Greeley, in his paper, advised his friends to set fire to the Capitol, burn up the archives, and destroy the Government, root and branch. This fashion of redressing a grievance is quite in accordance with his natural temper and character. He is not remarkable for meekness of disposition, or scruples in gaining an end.

27.

Among her profits for Uncle Tom, Mrs. Stowe received a penny apiece subscription in Scotland, from the labouring people, who starve sometimes for the want of potatoes.

28.

It is very remarkable that Mrs. Stowe, in her minute account of the horrors of Slavery, should have overlooked the greatest of them all. She has never alluded to the cannibalism prevailing in the Southern States. The Abolitionists have been silent, without an exception, as to the horrible custom, existing universally in the South, of exposing Negro children in the shambles of every city, town and village. Yet the fact is as certain as most of Mrs. Stowe's incidents and characters, and the evidence as easy to be obtained. For a consideration, she can procure witnesses who will swear that they have seen the flesh exposed, like beef and pork, in the public markets, and that it is a favourite dish at great dinners and barbecues.

Indeed, what can be more probable? The slaveholders are man stealers, why not man eaters? They are more cruel

and ferocious than the Fejee Islanders; the Fejees eat each other—eat their own kin and countrymen; *a fortiori*, the slaveholders eat negro slaves who are not their countrymen or kin. The reasoning is conclusive. It is in the power of the slaveholder to do it, therefore it is done. It is within Slavery—possible, and therefore certain. What, in truth, could be more easy? There is nothing to prevent the slaveholder from turning cannibal. He has no such difficulty in the way as the old Indian convert in Southey's history of Brazil, who complained, in her last illness, to the Missionary Father, because there was nobody who would shoot a little boy of a neighbouring tribe for her, and comfort her poor old stomach with the delicate bones of its little hands. The slaveholder may shoot his boy whenever he chooses, or get him without shooting. The topic is recommended to Messrs. Greeley and Garrison; and particularly to Mrs. Stowe in her next story. It will be as authentic as the rest of her facts, and as readily believed by her Northern and European readers.

29.

None submit to entering the poor house except in extreme want. Some are hardly able to walk, before they will apply.

[LONDON LABOUR, ETC.]

30.

The Westminster Review, in a late number, says: "One half of the people of Great Britain can neither read nor write," and "as regards depravity, brutality, and crime, they are in no way superior to the worst population of any

other country." Of the one hundred and forty-one thousand registered marriages of the last year, nearly half of the parties could not write their names. "In France," Mr. Alison says, "two-thirds of the people can neither read nor write." If Europe, at the end of so many centuries, has done so little for her peasantry, with what decency can her people upbraid the slaveholder for doing so little for his slaves. He has had the savage to civilize. They have their own blood and kindred to improve. He has done more to educate the black, in the large sense of the term, than they to educate the white. But it may be said that the slaveholder prohibits teaching to the slave. Yes, teaching of a certain kind, from certain persons. But it is enough to say, on this subject, that the slave who wishes to learn, and is able, can always learn in the family of his master. Many slaves do read, and many are able to write. It is to be hoped that the State will modify the existing law on this subject; it has no other effect than to furnish occasion for misrepresentation and reproach, where there is no real cause for either. It misleads her friends and encourages her enemies.

31.

Whenever allusions are made to the use of the whip in the Southern States, by Abolition writers, it is assumed that it is for the gratification only of the master's passions that the slave is punished. But the whip is the slave's punishment for offences, which in hireling States would consign the offender to jail or the galleys, to transportation or death. It is the penalty for assaults, thefts, drunkenness, neglect of work—this last offence, in Europe, is punished with starva-

tion. "No law stands between the ruined labourer and starvation. He has no right to life unless he can support himself." See Beach's Travels in France.

In England, in 1846, the number whipped, fined and discharged was two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight. In similar cases the negro slave would receive the whipping and escape the fine and prison. He is whipped for the same offences as the whiteman, and, when his master is the judge, he has, nine times in ten, the most lenient of judges.

32.

A convent was destroyed by the mob, near Boston. Churches, there and elsewhere, have been burnt by rioters. Violence and outrage are increasing yearly at the North. In Boston, lately, an officer of the Federal Government was murdered, while in the discharge of his duty, by a gang of white and black ruffians, instigated by men of wealth and by clergymen.

33.

In these country churches, where sometimes three or four hundred slaves assemble with a dozen whites, the delight of the negroes is in their spiritual songs and hymns. The favourite subjects are Jordan's banks, and the happy land, to which the singers are travelling. Their voices are good, and they are never weary of singing. The Sunday service is a source of infinite enjoyment to them, and they exhibit perfect decorum and attention.

34.

"Come men," says one, "be lively, let us finish work, and after sun down we will have a possum hunt." "Done," says another, "and if the old coon comes in the way of my dog Pincher, I be bound for it, he will shake the life out of him." The negroes work with increased alacrity, with faces animated by the expected hunt. One hums the old song of "Possum up the Gum tree," and the whole field is prevented from bursting into full chorus by the driver's notions only of decorum and order."—AUDUBON AND BACHMAN'S QUADRUPEDS OF AMERICA.

The reader will at once advert to the 'possum hunt of Swallow Barn, which, with other pictures of plantation life, are so exquisitely painted by Kennedy. The passage is too long for a note, nor is it necessary to repeat what everybody remembers. Similar scenes might be transcribed from Simms, who is always at home in Southern scenes and scenery—never so strong as when his foot is on his native soil.

35.

The star shaped dogwood blossom is the herald of the drum fishing season in the Southern inlets. This is a sort of jubilee for the negroes, whose enjoyments would astonish and perplex the good people who are lamenting their unhappy condition with so much noisy sorrow and pretended concern.

36.

Lemon Island, in Port Royal Bay, is one of the places said to be the site of the early French settlements under

Landoniere. It is reported that a stone, with a flower carved upon it, was formerly to be seen on the Island ; that it stood near the margin of the water ; and that it has been washed into the stream by the gradual encroachment of the tides.

37.

It is a great beauty of Mr. Webster's character that, in the midst of his public avocations, he retained, fresh and unabated, his love for rural occupations and country sports. He was beloved by his neighbours for the heartiness of his sympathy in their simple pursuits and amusements, as well as admired for the grandeur of his intellectual character and acquirements. His two great contemporaries were equally attached to the country and its occupations, if not its amusements.

38.

A barbarous people perishes always, if placed in contact with a stronger civilized race, except when they occupy to each other the relation of master and slave. The destruction is nearly complete in North America. It is in progress in Australia and Southern Africa. Nothing but climate has protected the central part of the African continent from being occupied by Europeans to the destruction of the natives.

39.

That the abolition of slavery has ruined the West India colonies is a certain fact, admitting no dispute. Hayti is under the rule of a black despot. It produces nothing. It

was formerly the richest of the European colonies. Under American slaveholders, with their slaves, it would soon resume its productiveness and wealth. Jamaica is yearly becoming more desperate in her condition. Her white people are leaving her. Plantations are unsaleable. Every thing is hastening to destruction. Cuba, a slave island, is incomparably flourishing. The abolition of slavery would ensure her speedy ruin. The conclusion from all this is obvious enough. Every thing serves to show that the labour of the black emigrant is as necessary to the Tropical countries of America as that of the European to its temperate climates, and that the black must be in subordination to the white man.

40.

The blacks, in Hayti, have changed masters only. They are the slaves of a black chief, as in Africa. Their Pagan mummeries have been resumed. They are engaged in petty wars, instead of peaceful labours. The Emperor has his standing army, and is anxious always to employ it in the legitimate business of cutting throats—quite as much so as more important potentates.

41.

Carlyle says that the world will not permit Cuffy to lie on his back and eat pumpkins, forever, in a country intended, by Providence, to produce coffee, sugar and spices, for the use of all mankind; that he must, one day or other, resume his work under brother Jonathan, or some other master.

42.

Lord Grey; in his book on the Colonial policy of England, expresses the hope that the planting a civilized race at the Cape of Good Hope may not be attended with the destruction of the black races, and that black and white will amalgamate. The wish is mere common-place sentiment. Lord Grey knows that the extermination of the black races is inevitable, and that amalgamation is not possible with races so dissimilar. What would become of these parlour sentimentalities if the border dangers from the savage were to be encountered by his Lordship's sons and daughters, or amalgamation brought about through their instrumentality. This view of the subject has never occurred to Lord Grey. He is thinking of the poor emigrant peasant only, and is willing enough, like other philosophers, to try his experiments "*in vili corpore*." What will it signify, if, in the course of them, the English emigrant pauper is knocked on the head by the untameable barbarian, or sees his grand children debased by the blood of an inferior and savage race? It will in no degree affect the safety and comfort of his Lordship's grandsons and grand daughters, or the purity of their blood. Can he really indulge any such hope as he expresses, in the face of all experience to the contrary? Does he not know, that, in Pennsylvania, where the policy pursued was peace and friendship with the Indian, the Indian tribes have disappeared long since? The savage can resist neither war nor peaceable competition with a civilized race. In peace as in war his tribes perish unavoidably. We may lament this law of nature, but we cannot change it.

48.

If the African ever attains to what may be called an Augustan age for him and his country, it must be in the way suggested. He cannot originate a civilization of his own. He cannot enjoy the benefit of the whiteman's assistance in Africa. From the slave only, civilized and instructed by slavery, can any regeneration be looked for on the African continent. Its Augustan age may be a very humble achievement compared with the intellectual glories of Greece or Rome, of Saxon or Celt. But if Africa cannot hope to produce the poets, orators, and historians of higher races, she may acquire the industrial arts, commerce and wealth, and at least so much learning and literature as will constitute an era compared with her present condition.

Wherever genuine Christianity is established, it carries with it moral and intellectual improvement. We must believe that it will be established in Africa, and carry there also the improvement that always attends its steps. This will not be accomplished suddenly, in a short time, by any convulsive movement, but slowly and gradually. It seems to be in this way only that Providence effects his great purposes.

Nor is it to be supposed that the slaves of America are to be emptied in mass on the African shores. For centuries the occasionally manumitted slaves will be the reservoir from which Africa will derive her farmers, artisans, teachers and civilizers. But the African slave will be always required for useful purposes in the tropical countries of America, both North and South, and will always be employed in them. If the free German or Irish emigrant is wanted

in the Northern, the African Slave is equally needed in the Southern regions of America.

It may be asked, why should not the negro be allowed to be free in America, if he is susceptible of so much improvement. The reply seems to be conclusive. There is an obvious and irremovable dissimilarity between the white and black race. They cannot amalgamate, and can never, therefore, make one people. The inferior black race would perish if placed, as manumission would place him, in competition with the white. The number of blacks at the North are kept up by constant additions only from manumitted and runaway slaves. If the climate of Africa were healthy, the African tribes, like the Indians of North America, would have been exterminated long since by European emigrants. As climate protects him there, so slavery protects the negro here. Therefore it is that he cannot be made free in America, for his own sake, even if it were desirable that he should be for his master's. His manumission would injure both.

44.

It may be doubted after all whether the Abolitionists really wish to abolish slavery. For is not slavery the very breath of their nostrils? Does it not assist them to attain all their ends? It enables parsons and Senators to instigate mobs to riot and murder, with safety, and even applause; pious members of Christian churches to calumniate their brethren with point, unction and self-complacency; crafty demagogues to promote party and personal purposes, under humane and patriotic pretences; and ladies, at fashionable soirees, to remove the evils and regulate the affairs of distant

nations, in the intervals of music and refreshments. Without it what would all these people do? What would become of Parker and Chaplin, Philips and Folsom, Beecher and Garrison, if there should be no longer any slaves to be stolen or masters to be slandered. They would be shorn of their beams. Their salt would lose its savour. What wonders has not slavery done for the Abolitionists? It has made Mr. Hale a candidate for the Presidency. It has introduced Mrs. Stowe at Stafford house. It has conferred on Mr. Giddings the honour of being ejected from Congress by his fellow-members. It gives bread to thousands like Mr. Garrison, who could not otherwise earn it, and notoriety to Mr. Tappan, Mr. Jay, and a hundred more, who, without its help, would be hopeless of attracting public attention. Slavery is their goose that lays golden eggs for them every day. Can we suppose that they will imitate the simpleton of ancient times and seek to destroy it? The happening of any evil to the master, or to the slave, from the abolition of slavery would not, it is admitted, be worthy of a moment's attention; but it would be a very serious calamity indeed if any damage, from that event, should befall the abolitionists. Will they risk the loss of the honours, distinctions, money and elevated society that they enjoy by means of slavery? Will they not, on the contrary, carefully preserve it, and, with it, the golden advantages it now bestows on them?

45.

"Grant that the negro is a distinct species, or even a metamorphosed Orang, if you will, and what difference does it make to the social effect of the "domestic institution"—the ultimate ground upon which both moralist and legislator

must take their stand in arguing either for or against it. We do not prosecute the drover or the cabman because we believe the poor maltreated ox or horse to be our brother, a child of Adam and Eve like ourselves; but because this and all other brutality is an evil to society—because it degrades the man who practices it, and increases the proclivity to crimes injurious to society, in himself and others. And we are bound to put down the slaveholder *for precisely the same reason*, and not because of a hypothetical cousinhood with his victim which may or may not exist, etc. Ethnology had better perish as a science, than be swamped by the accession to her ranks of the Legrees of the South.”—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The above extract from the Westminster Review of July, 1854, is a specimen of the fairness and common sense, and of the garniture of slander, self-sufficiency and arrogant assumption, with which the Slavery question is commonly treated in England.

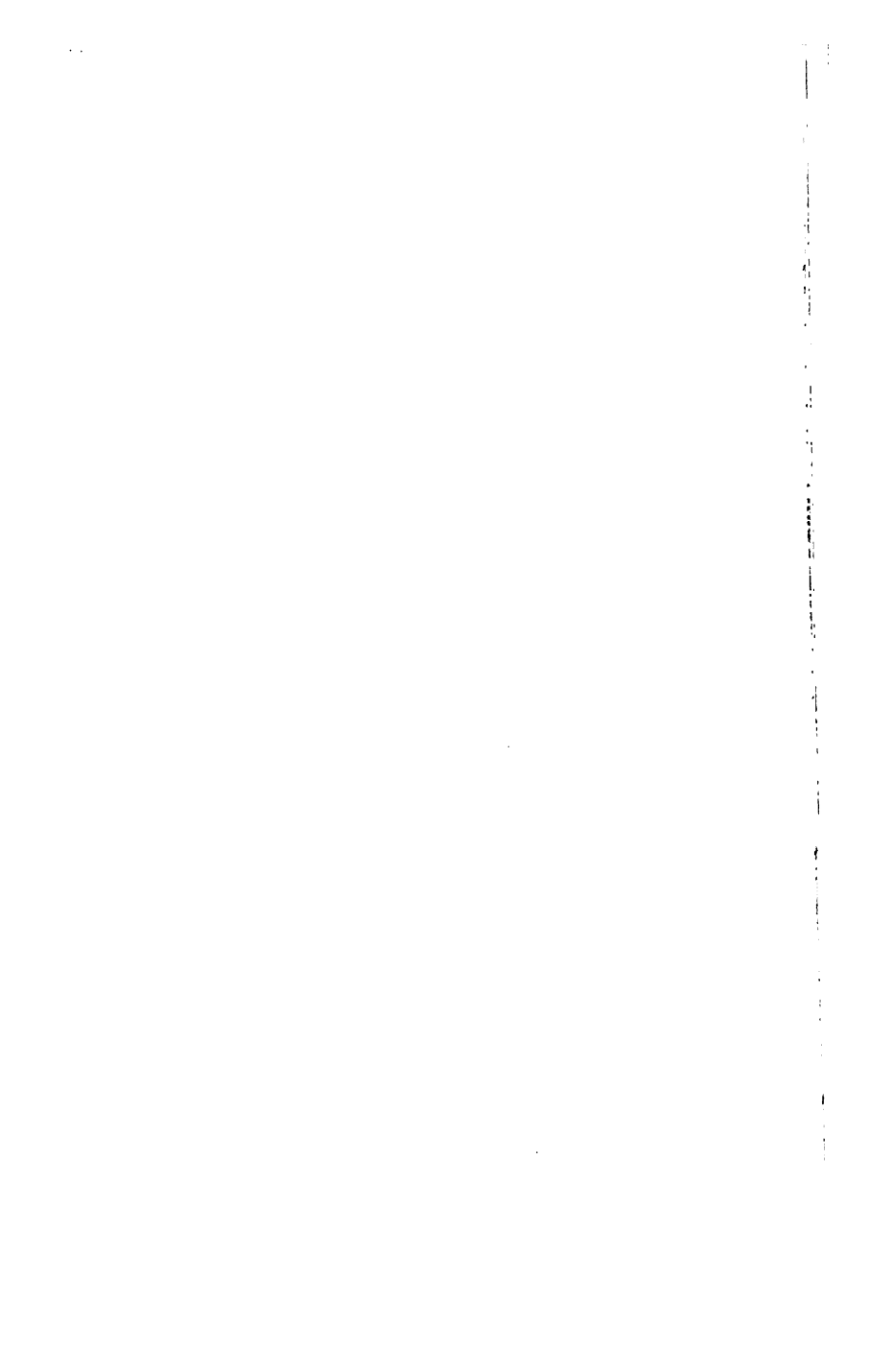
It makes no difference, it seems, in considering the subject of Slavery, whether Negroes are men or apes. Englishmen are prohibited from cruelty to horses, not because the horse is a cousin, but because “this and all other brutality is an evil to society, degrades the man who practices it,” etc. It is on this ground that cruelty to the horse is forbidden among cabmen and drovers, and “it is *on this ground precisely* that moralist and legislator must take their stand in arguing for or against Slavery.” This is the reviewer’s position.

But Parliament, to prevent cruelty to horses, does not manumit the horse. The law does not prohibit the owning of horses, because the horse is sometimes abused. Because

there are, and will be, cruel horse masters among cabmen, drovers, and gentlemen too, Parliament has not turned out all the horses in England to grass and freedom. Yet to prevent cruelty to Slaves, they insist on manumitting the Slave. Can the reviewer explain how it is that the good people of England adopt such different measures in these similar cases, as the reviewer himself admits them to be. Cruelty to the horse "is an evil to society," etc., therefore the law prevents or punishes cruelty to the horse. Cruelty to the Slave "is an evil to society," etc., therefore Parliament abolishes Slavery. Certainly the most effectual way to prevent the horse from being beaten in harness, is to prohibit his being put in harness at all; as the most certain way to prevent the negro from being flogged for laziness, is to release him from labour altogether. Why not adopt the same way with the horse that they pursued with the Negro?

If the reviewer should be at a loss to explain the cause of those different logical conclusions from the same premises, I would offer a suggestion to assist the enquiry. It is because the horses belong to the people who legislate, and the Slaves to a people who were legislated for. The English people own the horses, and a few feeble colonists owned the Slaves. The absurdity, therefore of proposing to manumit horses, to prevent cruelty, is very manifest. But the other absurdity was not seen at all. Reverse the case: let horses, hard-worked and ill-treated, be in Jamaica only, and no horses in England, and the philanthropists would have applied all their energies to bring about a general manumission of horses. Mr. Clarkson might have been as zealous and successful with the British Parliament, in behalf of the horse, as he has been in behalf of the Negro. 243-





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